WESLEY'S VETERANS

VOLUME 5

The Finsbury Library

EDITED BY
REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

WESLEY'S VETERANS

VOL. V

Printed By
Old Paths Tract Society, Inc.
Shoals, Indiana 47581

STEVE McCORMICK

WESLEY'S VETERANS

LIVES OF
EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS
TOLD BY THEMSELVES

VOL. V

THOMAS WALSH
JOHN FURZ
ROBERT WILKINSON
JOHN MASON

With Additions and Annotations

BY REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

Schmul Publishers
Rare Reprint Specialists
Salem, Ohio 44460
76

Published as

EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS—

First Edition (3 *vols.*), 1837–8.
Second Edition (2 *vols.*), 1846.
Third Edition (6 *vols.*), 1865.

WESLEY'S VETERANS—

First Edition (*Vol. V*), 1913.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THOMAS WALSH	1
JOHN FURZ	199
ROBERT WILKINSON	229
JOHN MASON	242

The original title of this Memoir was—

THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

MR. THOMAS WALSH,

Composed in great part from the accounts left by himself.
By JAMES MORGAN, a member of the Church of England.

London: Printed by H. COCK.
MDCCLXII.

Behind the title-page is this note—

I have carefully read the following account, and believe it to be strictly true. I think it will need no other recommendation to the children of God.

January 20, 1763. JOHN WESLEY.

Wesley inserted this Memoir, omitting many of Mr. Morgan's reflections, in his *Works* (1772, vols. xi. and xii.).

James Morgan became one of Wesley's Helpers in 1755, at the age of nineteen. He was a popular preacher, but so delicate and nervous that he felt unfit for the itinerancy and settled in Dublin, where he died in 1774. Wesley told Mr. Blackwell in 1760 that scarce one of the preachers in Ireland was 'of the spirit of Thomas Walsh. The nearest to it is Mr. Morgan; but his body, too, sinks under him, and probably will not last long.' See Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol i.

A beautiful little volume, *Thomas Walsh, Wesley's Typical Helper*, by the Rev. Richard Green, appeared in 'The Library of Methodist Biography' (1906).

WESLEY'S VETERANS

Vol. V

THOMAS WALSH

PART I

Thomas Walsh was born in 1730, at Ballylinn, about ten miles from the city of Limerick, in Ireland. His father, Edmond Walsh, was a carpenter; a man of tolerable education, and strong natural understanding. His mother's name was Helena Nougham, born of reputable parents. They were both members of, and entirely bigoted to, the Church of Rome.

When about eight years old, he was put to school to learn English: his mother-tongue was Irish. Afterwards he went to school to one of his brothers, of whom he had several, by whom he was initiated into the Latin tongue. Having acquired its rudiments in some tolerable degree, he went afterwards into the neighbouring county of Clare, with a design to be put apprentice, his friends intending him to be of his father's trade.

Disappointed, however, in this, he returned to school, and proceeded in his pursuit of learning;

applying himself at present to the study of Latin, which he had but lately intermitted.

After he had made some considerable progress in this, he applied himself to the study of some parts of the mathematics, for which he thought he had a better genius than for languages. He soon acquired the knowledge of arithmetic, both vulgar and decimal, measuring superficies and solids, &c.; and afterwards went to the city of Limerick, in order to perfect himself in writing.

And now, having continued at school till about the nineteenth year of his age, and having acquired such branches of literature as fitted him for being useful to others in the same way, he quitted school, and set up one for himself; wanting neither scholars nor ability to instruct them, which he did with success during the time he continued his school.

His parents, being, as has been observed, members of, and strongly attached to, the Church of Rome, brought him up in the same principles and communion, and took care that his mind should be early furnished with the first and fundamental part of what they judged his duty towards God.

'When,' says he, 'I was young, I learned the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria in Irish, together with the hundred and thirtieth Psalm in Latin, with the Popish augmentation thereto. And now I began to imbibe that uncharitable, antiscriptural opinion, that all dissenters from the Church of Rome were heretics, and in a state of damnation. But now, since the Lord hath enlightened my

understanding, I am fully convinced that therein I greatly erred, " not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God."

' I cannot but lament the case of those parents who, alas ! not knowing what they do, endeavour to instil into the minds of their children such pernicious principles ; and I do earnestly entreat all children, as soon as they come to years of discretion, and are capable thereof, to examine, and judge for themselves.

' Even while I was young and ignorant,' says he, ' God was striving with me, and often terrified my heart ; especially when I thought of the day of judgement, and of eternity. At those times especially I frequently repeated the prayers I had learned. But, alas ! to how little purpose, while I prayed neither with the Spirit nor with understanding ! My heart was hard and stubborn, and my understanding was blind and foolish. I had no just conception either of God or of religion. Nay, so great was my ignorance, that when I named our Saviour in Irish, I thought the name belonged to some woman in heaven.

' While I was thus foolish and blind, " even as a beast before Thee," my fallen nature began powerfully to discover itself. The seed of the serpent, working in my heart, broke forth in words and in deeds. Now pride, anger, and self-will, especially, reigned over me. But, alas ! I then little knew that those accursed tempers proceeded from that source of universal disorder, and all human miseries, original sin. I believed that this had brought temporal death into the world, and great

disorder into the whole state of outward nature, the visible creation ; but of its subjecting the soul to spiritual and exposing it to eternal death, I had no apprehension. I had, it is true, conviction whenever I did amiss, told a lie, or fell into any other outward sin (which I could account for from education, and natural conscience) ; but the Spirit of God and the holy Scriptures alone, I now plainly see, could convince me that my tempers deserved the damnation of hell. And hitherto I was ignorant of both.

'When I was about eight years old, I began to love play, and divers other youthful and silly pleasures, spending the time I was out of school in catching birds, playing at ball, and the like. My fondness for these occasioned my frequently breaking the Sabbath, which I usually spent either in these vain amusements, or in reading some profane history or other unprofitable book : and indeed no one so much as told me that these kinds of employment were any violation of the Lord's day ; my parents, like the rest of their neighbours, esteeming them innocent diversions, harmless amusements.

'I did not then know that I ought not, on this day, to "do mine own pleasure, to speak mine own words," or think my own thoughts ; that I ought to spend it wholly in glorifying God, by praying to Him, hearing His word, and reading and meditating therein ; "calling the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable" (Isa. lviii. 13). Oh the curse of ignorance and evil example ! How many souls do they lead

into the broad way of destruction! How happy would it have been for my poor soul if I had known and "remembered my Creator in the days of my youth"! Had I been "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"; had I "known the Scriptures from my childhood" (Eccles. xii. 1; Eph. vi. 4; 2 Tim. iii. 15); how would it have contributed to prevent my wrong conceptions, and to regulate, at least in some measure, my whole conduct!

'From the tenth to the fourteenth year of my age my corruptions increased, took deeper root, and more visibly appeared in my whole conversation; and yet I was more regular and conscientious in discharging my duty towards God. (So I was taught to call a dull form of words, part of which only were addressed to God, and the greatest part to saints and angels.) My parents, according to custom, brought me at the usual times to the priest, who examined me concerning the *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria*, and *Credo in Deum*, with some other rites of the Church of Rome. But, alas! to how little purpose! It made me neither wiser nor better. Some part, it is true, of what he taught me was according to the Word of God; but the greater part entirely repugnant thereto, and to all truth and righteousness. But I knew not then how to distinguish between the truths of God and the traditions of men; having had no knowledge of "the law and the testimony," the only infallible touchstone of doctrine and practice. He might, therefore, have imposed whatever he pleased upon me; and the rather,

as I was taught to believe whatever he said, and to consider it as coming from the mouth of God. Indeed, I could not help observing, even then, that several of those reverend gentlemen frequently erred in practice ; though still I thought they were infallible as to doctrine.

'After this catechizing I became more inquisitive, and began to read books of devotion. These, I found, for the present, had their use. Whenever I read of the passion of our Saviour, the love of God to sinners, the joys of heaven, or the miseries of the damned, my heart became deeply affected ; and much desire towards God enkindled in my soul.' But, alas ! it soon died away again, becoming like 'the morning cloud, or the early dew.' The inconstancy and corruption of his heart, easily prevailing over those divine but transient impressions, left him to his former hardness and formality.

'From the fourteenth to the sixteenth year of my age I had more of the form, though less of the power, of godliness, than even before. I now attended the public worship (that is, went to mass), and every night repeated my prayers, which were, indeed, no better than vain repetitions. But still, pride, anger, self-will, and revenge more powerfully prevailed over me than ever ; and I added to these my former prevailing abominations, lies and evil words. Indeed, I had an entire aversion to cursing and swearing, in the gross sense ; but abounded in petty oaths (so called), and bad wishes. Of this sort there are legions in the Irish language' ; perhaps more,

and more wickedly expressive, than in any other language in the known world. 'Being at play, I remember, one day, and provoked by one of my play-fellows, I swore (horror to think!) by the great and glorious name of Jehovah! (to the best of my remembrance, I never did so before, nor ever since): in that instant, I felt I had grievously sinned against God, and deserved His wrath and heavy displeasure.

'To the rest of my evils I joined disobedience to my parents. Indeed, I dared not show it outwardly, to my father especially, whom I so dreaded, as often to tremble for fear of him. But my heart was hard and stubborn.' One instance of this he mentions, which wrought him many a bitter reflection afterwards: for years he hardly ever thought of it without being deeply affected with shame and sorrow. Having one day, through his stubbornness, greatly provoked his mother, and given her a wicked and impertinent answer, she said to him, 'You have grieved me.' 'It went like an arrow through my heart. I knew the fifth commandment (the fourth, indeed, I then called it, according to the custom of the Church of Rome) strictly forbids disobedience to parents, and that to honour them is "the first commandment with promise" (Eph. vi. 2). Justly, therefore, was I condemned. But, O God, how little is it to be wondered at that I did not rightly love, neither was obedient to, my earthly parents, while I knew neither love nor obedience towards Thee, my Father, who art in heaven! Well do I know now, and praised be

Thy love for this knowledge, that such as are froward towards Thee will, while they remain so, never be truly a comfort to their parents.'

Now both his sins and convictions daily increased upon him. 'I do,' says he, 'praise God unfeignedly for withholding me from my own actual wickedness, and preventing my leading others into the cursed and detestable abomination. But I abhor and condemn myself for the concupiscence and wickedness of my heart, which (with grief and horror God knoweth I speak it!) discovered itself in other respects, such as it is a shame even to mention. Of this no human eye could be a witness.'

'The Spirit of God,' says he, 'deeply wounded me. "The arrows of the Almighty" stuck fast in me, and my very bones trembled because of my sin. I was persuaded in my heart that this commotion was conviction of my sin; but had little conception that the Holy Spirit was the chief agent in the work; for, alas! so great was my ignorance that I did not know there was any Holy Ghost for me to receive.

'While I was thus in the midst of my extremity, I confessed to the priest, according to the custom of the Church of Rome. He advised me to say many prayers (as he termed counting my beads); but, alas! this did not do: and indeed how should it? I was brought into captivity through the power of "sin which reigned in my members." And even my multiplied prayers could be little else than an abomination to the Lord, while neither the form nor the matter of them was

according to the will of God ; many of them being little else than vain repetitions, and empty babblings to physicians of no value in this respect, which, therefore, left me under the power of " sin and death." '

Hearing the priest preach one Lord's day, and declaim vehemently against a variety of gross sins, the discourse, though (as his words are) ' mixed with many falsities,' so deeply affected him, that in the anguish of his spirit he resolved never more to return to house or home, till God should show him mercy. This precipitate and unadvised resolution was, however, of short continuance.

' I strove,' says he, ' to divert myself in the best manner I could, seeking rest and peace in the miserable comforts of this world. But my conscience was still restless, and a hell opened in my breast. Not knowing what to do, nor which way to turn for rest, I at length attempted to quiet the clamours of my troubled mind by solemnly resolving how soberly, righteously, and godly I would live the residue of my life. Full of these good purposes, and strengthened as I thought by vows and promises, I hoped all would be well; having all this while no idea of the satisfaction by Christ, and the all-sufficiency of His merits ; and therefore, resolving only in my own strength, my resolutions proved as broken cisterns, which could hold no comfort ; and as broken reeds, which afforded no strength ! '

Struggling on still in the dark, he added fastings to his prayers and resolutions. But all this did not do. ' I repeated my resolutions and vows

against sin; but especially whenever I fell into any outward wickedness; and, above all, the sin that did so easily beset me. Then I was on the rack, and I, through extremity of anguish, have frequently struck myself against the ground, tearing the hairs from off my head.

'About this time, by reading and the help of the Holy Spirit, I began to have still clearer notions concerning the nature and consequences of sin, and particularly of those which, by the Church of Rome, are termed *mortal* sins.'

Finding that his prayers, tears, resolutions, and vows did not avail, he came to this determination, solemnly to swear to the Lord, imagining that then it would not be possible that he should break with Him afterwards, as had been the case with all his former efforts.

Accordingly he bound himself with an oath that for the time to come he would abstain from, and utterly renounce, all those sins he then accused himself of, and which had hitherto wrought him so much uneasiness. This procedure begot in him, for the present, rather some cessation from torment than procured his true peace, and left him for a while in deep security. But, alas! it was not long ere he found this band, likewise, was altogether weak, even as the staff of a broken reed; nor better than tow before the flame. He fell into one of those very sins against the commission of which he had so sacredly bound himself; involving by this means his enlightened conscience in the additional guilt of what he called perjury, and thus rendered his anxiety and

embarrassment great beyond description. He gave up all hope; and, in short, became wellnigh desperate. He knew not whither to betake himself, or what should be his next step; reasoning thus with himself in the bitterness of his soul: 'Since I have perjured myself in one instance, I may as well commit all my old sins over again,' &c. 'Thus,' adds he, 'I was driven by the devil, allured by sin and corruption, and deceived by my own evil heart.'

About this time, likewise, it pleased the Lord to visit him with a fit of illness, in and by which his fears and misery were considerably increased. He often bewailed himself in the uttermost anguish of spirit, with weeping and lamentation, breathing out his soul in moans. 'Oh the guilt of sin! When charged home upon the conscience by the Spirit of God, what an intolerable load! "A wounded spirit who can bear?"'

A variety of incidents contributed to his forsaking the Church of Rome. That which outwardly contributed most thereto was the instance of his brother, of whom he had learned Latin; 'a man,' to use his own words, 'of tolerable learning, and designed for a Popish priest. But, seeing many errors among them, he renounced Popery.'

About the eighteenth year of his age, while he was a strict observer of the rites of the Romish Church, this brother, whose relinquishing it was some years before, began frequently to discourse with him concerning the principles of the

Romanists. 'But I strenuously,' says he, 'though ignorantly, withstood him; alleging, in my defence, the traditions and canons of the church; while he, on the contrary, appealed "to the law and to the testimony." He often said to me, "My brother, why do you not read God's Word? Lay aside prejudice, and let us reason together."

'To the same purpose spake another person in the neighbourhood, one Mr. Philip Guier,[1] a Protestant, and well versed in controversy. "Mr. Walsh, you are a sober young man" (so indeed I was generally thought to be, though God knows I was drunk with enmity against Him), "and what pity it is that you do not read the holy Scriptures! Why will you suffer yourself to be deceived by the Pope and his fraternity?"'

Reasonings of this kind, which were occasionally made use of with him from time to time, together with hearing the Scriptures frequently read in his brother's school, put him, at length, upon a diligent consideration of both sides of the question. But, as it generally happens in like cases, an attachment to old sentiments, the prejudices of education, shame, or fear of man, with a variety of other considerations, kept him for some time in strong suspense. His breast was moved with contrary and, therefore, conflicting passions. He revolved in his mind, and rejected many a thought on the head, and again resumed and embraced them. Thus, halting between two opinions, he

[1] Teacher of the German school at Ballingarrane; received as a preacher at the first Irish Conference; highly esteemed for his consistent piety, fidelity, and zeal. See Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i., p. 57.

complains of the corruption of his heart, and prejudice of his education, which were as smoke upon his soul, so dimming his understanding that he could see nothing clearly.

'I had,' continues he, 'a custom of repeating, frequently, as I walked by the way, some prayers or articles of faith which I had learned in my childhood. And walking one day, in September, 1748, in a pleasant field, I was ruminating deeply on what my opponents urged against the doctrine of the Church of Rome. I said in my heart, "Perhaps all is not right. Peradventure I have been imposed upon. But then how shall I know? How can I be certainly assured whether the priest has led me in the right way?" and to this effect. Immediately it occurred to my mind that on God alone I could safely venture my salvation; and that, without doubt, He would lead me by His counsel, if I asked wisdom of Him.

'Then I cried unto the Lord God, and said, "All things are known to Thee, and Thou seest that I want to worship Thee aright. Show me the way wherein I ought to go, nor suffer me to be deceived by men."'

To this time and occasion may be referred what, he has more than once told me, determi ed him with respect to the Popish doctrine of merit, and had much influence on his entirely renouncing the communion of that Church; namely, the deep impression on his mind of those words of St. Paul, 'If righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain.' This passage, he assured me, he had not remembered ever to have read or

heard; and that afterwards, when he met with it (Gal. ii. 21), it was to him like life from the dead.

Soon after this he resolved to stand no longer in desponding hesitation, halting between two opinions. 'Therefore,' says he, 'going to my brother, and the other persons who used to converse with me on this head, and, providentially, meeting the two principal ones together, I determined now, once for all, either to convince or be convinced by them; for I had an unfeigned desire to save my soul.

'Proposing, therefore, my design, they desired me to bring a Bible, and with it *Nelson's Feasts and Fasts of the Church of England*. Accordingly, we began reading and conversing, and continued together till midnight. I was constrained to give place to the light of truth. It was so convincing that I had nothing more to say; I was judged of all, and, at length, confessed the weakness of my former reasonings, and the strength of those which were opposed to me.

'About one o'clock in the morning I retired to my lodging, and, according to my usual custom, went to prayer; but now, only to the God of heaven: I no more prayed to any angel or spirit. For I am deeply persuaded that there is but one God, and one Mediator between God and men, even the man Christ Jesus. Therefore I resolved no longer to suffer any man to beguile me in a voluntary humility, in worshipping either saints or angels (Col. ii. 18). These latter I considered, as they are represented, "ministering spirits,

sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. i. 14). But with regard to any worship being paid to them, one of themselves said, "See thou do it not: worship God" (Rev. xix. 10), God only.

'All my sophisms on this head were entirely overthrown by a few hours' candid reading the holy Scriptures, which now became as a lantern to my feet, and a lamp to my paths, directing me in the way wherein I should go. I could see no manner of authority, either in the Old Testament or the New, for invocating any saint or apostle whatsoever. God, the triune God, is alone the proper object of prayer, and of all divine worship.'

Not many days after, he fell into discourse with his father on the head, and informed him that he was minded to forsake the Church of Rome, being clearly convinced she was not that infallible or pure Church he once esteemed her; 'but rather,' to use his own words, 'an harlot, who had committed spiritual and vile adultery. My father,' adds he, 'was strongly provoked, and produced his strong reasons to overthrow all I had said. I dared not but listen to him, which I did with much attention. But the more he argued, the more I was confirmed in my former resolution.'

Being now fully satisfied, he, without further delay, publicly renounced his former communion; abjured the errors of the Church of Rome, and thenceforward regularly attended the service of the Church of England, and was greatly delighted

with the prayers. 'The first text,' says he, 'I heard preached on at church was, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned' (Mark xvi. 16).

'Yet, alas! how little did I know of believing! being taught and accustomed to call by the name of faith the peculiar principles of the Church of Rome But I have now learned a better lesson, and know that rightly to believe is one of the greatest things in the world.

'And now that I have left the Church of Rome, I nevertheless declare that I think there are many sincere souls among them. For I bear them witness that they have a zeal for God, though not according to knowledge. Many of them have justice, mercy, and truth; and may (notwithstanding many errors in sentiment, and therefore in practice, through invincible ignorance), since, as is God's majesty, so is His mercy, be dealt with accordingly.

'It may be asked, then, Why did I leave their communion, since I thought so favourably of them? I answer, Because I was abundantly convinced that, as a Church, they have erred from the right way, and adulterated the truths of God with the inventions and traditions of men; which the Scriptures, and even celebrated writers of themselves, abundantly testify. God is my witness herein, that the sole motive which induced me to leave them was an unfeigned desire to know the way of God more perfectly, in order to the salvation of my soul. For although I

then felt, and do yet feel, my heart to be, as the prophet speaks, " deceitful and desperately wicked," with regard to God ; yet I was sincere in my reformation, having from the Holy Spirit an earnest desire to save my soul, and prepare to meet my God.

' If it should be still asked, But could I not be saved, supposing I had never left the Church of Rome ? I answer, If I had never known the truth of the Scriptures concerning the way of salvation, nor been convinced that their principles were anti-scriptural, then I think I might possibly have been saved in her communion, the merciful God making allowance for my invincible ignorance. But, on the other hand, I freely profess that now, since God hath enlightened my mind, and given me to see " the truth as it is in Jesus," if I had still continued a member of the Church of Rome, I could not have been saved.

' With regard to others, I say nothing. I know that every man must bear his own burden, and give an account of himself to God. To their own Master both they and I must stand or fall for ever. But love, however, and tender compassion for their souls, constrain me to pour out a prayer to God in their behalf.

' All souls are Thine, O Lord God, and Thou willest all to come to the knowledge of the truth, and be saved. For this end Thou didst give Thy only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. I beseech Thee, therefore, O eternal God, show Thy tender mercies upon those poor souls who

have been long deluded by "the god of this world," the Pope, and his clergy. Jesus, Thou Lover of souls, and Friend of sinners, send to them Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead them. Oh let Thy bowels yearn over them, and call those straying sheep, now perishing for lack of knowledge, to the light of Thy word, which is able to make them wise to salvation, through faith which is in Thee!'

This prayer was answered, in part, in himself; by whom, not long after, God was pleased truly to convert several of that communion throughout the kingdom.

He set himself to read, with much diligence, the holy Scriptures, together with the writings of some of the most eminent Protestant divines. 'Now,' says he, 'I begin to discern clearly that it is "the blood of Christ" alone which "cleanseth from sin"; and that "by one offering" of Himself, once for all, "He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14): perfectly accomplished, without any need of other helps, or repetitions of the same, all that was necessary in order to the justification, sanctification, and glorification of all believers.

'I likewise became now more clearly sensible of the errors which I formerly held; as, first, thinking that my own works could merit something from God; secondly, vainly imagining that there is a place for the purgation of sin after death. When at any time, therefore, I was asked now why I had left the Church of Rome, I could answer upon good and solid grounds, Because I

am well assured that the doctrines of merit (to speak of no more), and works of supererogation, are contrary both to reason and Scripture.'

Such was his present anxiety, that he even forgot or neglected to eat his bread. 'My conscience,' says he, 'still condemned me. There was no rest in my bones by reason of sin.' And yet, meaning to make sure work, he desired to know the uttermost of his evil and danger. To this end he read those passages, both divine and human, which seemed most to condemn him. 'For I was willing,' adds he, 'to know the worst of my condition: not, indeed, that this was always the case. Sometimes the devil, and the corruption of my nature, so far prevailed as to hush my conscience and drown my convictions by a variety of thoughts and things.'

After having made use of every means which either men or books could suggest, but without the desired effect (being now in the nineteenth year of his age), as he returned to his lodging, one evening, in the city of Limerick, March 17, 1749, he saw an uncommonly large concourse of people assembled in a place called the Parade, adjoining to the main street. He turned aside to see what it meant; and, perceiving a man preaching to the people in the open air (a thing then exceedingly strange, because quite new in Ireland), he eagerly stopped to know what he said.

And hearing him (Mr. R[obert] S[windells][1]) from Matt. xi. 29, affectionately and earnestly entreat

[1] See Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i., p. 47.

all persons to 'come to Jesus Christ, that they might find rest to their souls'; and withal exhorting them to search the Scriptures, and see for themselves if what he said was not true; it filled him with wonder, and with desire to know more of this matter.

'But here,' says he, 'it may be needful, in order the better to understand some particulars which will be hereafter related, to premise a few things relative to this preacher, and the people to whom he belonged. 1. He was one of the people called Methodists, and a member of the Church of England. 2. This people began to preach Christ, and justification through His blood about the year 1738, having had their beginning at Oxford, in the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley; the former a fellow of Lincoln College, and the latter Student of Christ Church. These two brothers, having obtained mercy themselves, were called of God to publish His love to others likewise, by preaching the gospel of the kingdom to every creature that would hear the joyful sound. Accordingly, out they go into the lanes and highways, crying in the "voice of wisdom to the sons of men," beseeching and compelling sinners to turn to God, to come to that "feast of marrow and fat things" which He hath prepared for all who will but accept of life and salvation. (See Luke xiv. 16-24; Prov. viii. 1-5; and compare with Prov. i. 24.)

'After these servants of God had been thus employed for some time, it pleased their divine Master to send forth other labourers also into His

harvest, to assist in the same blessed work; not, indeed, such as human wisdom would have appointed—the great or wise men of this world—but quite the contrary: the poor (for the most part), and, as St. Paul says, the base and weak, that thus, leaving no room for boasting or glorying in man, "whoso glorieth might glory in the Lord" (1 Cor. i. 25-31).

'Some of these, after preaching the gospel in the streets and highways to their own countrymen, brought the glad tidings to Ireland also; where, going about from place to place, through cities and villages, they freely declared what they had so freely received to every one that would hear. And, glory be to God, their labour of love was not in vain. He that sent them gave their word His blessing, so that many received it gladly; and, having felt its power, to this day bring forth fruit with patience—the fruit of righteousness to the glory of God.'

It was some weeks before he had opportunity of hearing them again, being obliged to take care of his school in the country. On his next return to Limerick he heard another of them (Mr. T[homas] W[illiams]), and liked their preaching still better. He compared their doctrine with the word of God, and with the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England; and, 'I found it,' says he, 'to be consonant with both. I became daily more and more attached to them, and their manner of living increased my affection for them. They appeared to me to be true followers of Christ and His apostles, adorning the doctrine of God in all things.

'When they had preached the gospel at Limerick for some time, they came over to New Market, a village where I then resided, about eight miles from thence. In a little time there was a society formed.' (So they called those who met weekly together, in order to sing the praises of God, to pray to Him, and to help each other on to heaven.) 'To these I joined myself a member, September 29, 1749, in order to be more fully instructed in the way of salvation.'

He particularly describes his state of conviction, the manner in which he perceived himself wrought upon, as follows:

'1. The Lord convinced me of my bosom sin; that which did most easily beset me; representing the heinousness of it in various circumstances.

'2. All my other abominations, likewise—sins in general, of omission and commission—were set in array before me, as an army ready to devour me; or as so many devils, ready to tear me in pieces. God wrote them down in large characters, so that I might well say, "My sins are ever before me."

'3. I was clearly convinced that not only my sins, but likewise what I called my duties, were an abomination unto the Lord. My righteousness appeared "as filthy rags." The "corrupt tree could not bring forth good fruit."

'4. The same spirit convinced me that I was an unbeliever; that I had not true faith, and, therefore, no part nor lot in the Lord Jesus Christ.

As an unbeliever, I was "condemned already," and the "wrath of God abode upon me" (John iii). I assented, indeed, to everything revealed in the Bible; yet, I now clearly perceived I lacked the very true Christian faith. I learned from the Methodists, so called, and had it confirmed to me by the New Testament, that whosoever has true faith has with it the remission of sins (Rom. iv. 5; v. 1; viii. 1; John iii. 18; Acts xiii. 39; 1 John v. 10), and is at peace with God. I read that "whosoever believeth is born of God"; and "he that is born of God sinneth not" (1 John iii. 9; v. 1). But I sinned; and thence inferred I had not faith, neither was "born of God."

'5. I was, moreover, deeply convinced that I could not help myself; that I was utterly unable to work either repentance, faith, or holiness in my own soul; and that it was by grace alone I could be saved.

'6. I was without comfort, and miserable. My soul was grieved, and my heart fainted within me. I found labour and sorrow beyond expression. Worldly comforts availed nought. I had no rest, night or day. When I prayed, I was troubled; when I heard a sermon, I was pierced, as with darts and arrows. Whenever I either read or conversed, still I was broken and bruised in heart. Thus was I stripped of all, and wretched, and blind, and naked; having neither faith nor power, holiness nor happiness. Truly, there was no sound part in me. All was "wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." Often I could neither sleep nor eat. The affliction of my soul

so affected my body that, at length, I was obliged to take to my bed.

'7. I saw, by the same light of the Holy Spirit, the ground of all this; namely, original sin. This, I felt, was the source of all my misery and helplessness. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12). Here I saw the root of all evil. Hence are we "children of wrath"; banished from God, and the tree of life.'

'Having given an account of my convictions,' he says, 'I think it may not be improper to relate likewise how the Son of the promise was begotten and brought forth in me. And this also is the work of the Holy Ghost, convincing "of righteousness" as He doth "of sin."

'1. He kindled in my soul earnest desires towards God. There was a tenderness in my heart. It began to warm and dissolve after it was broken by the law, and scorched by the wrath of God; and to be a little comforted and encouraged.

'2. Light began to spring up in my mind: I saw at length, not my guilt only, but likewise the all-sufficiency of Christ and His atonement. I was convinced that He came "to seek and to save" lost sinners; that "He tasted death for every man"; that "He willeth all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth," in order thereto. Oh what a glorious view had I of the mercy of God in giving His Son, and of the unspeakable love and pity of Christ in dying for sinners! I was constrained to cry out,

" What manner of love is this, wherewith Thou hast loved us? What is man, that Thou shouldest be mindful of him?" But I could not yet say that I had " redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of my sins." I did not experience the merit of His death, applied to my soul.

' 3. But I had strong hope that God would be merciful to my unrighteousness, and blot out my sins for His name's sake. I could, as it were, see the promise and pardon held forth to me, though as yet I was not able to lay hold of them. At certain seasons, indeed, I could be almost confident that there was " no condemnation " to me; and could venture my soul upon Christ for life and salvation. But this soon vanished away again; which convinced me it was not justifying faith, else the witness would be in my heart; for " he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself " (1 John v. 10). " And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father " (Gal. iv. 6).

' 4. There was kindled in my soul a still more vehement thirst after Christ. Nothing could now satisfy me short of the assured knowledge that I had an interest in His blood. My soul was sick with fervent longings. I esteemed all things but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. He appeared altogether lovely to me. I beheld all glory, all happiness, all riches, and honour in the Saviour. I had no desire after other things; all relish for them was gone: " give me Christ, or else I die! " Sin lost

its power, so that no sin had dominion over me. I was so taken up in beholding the Lord Jesus, in reading, and in prayer, that I had no desire of anything else. Neither "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, nor the pride of life" had any power over me. But yet I could not say I was then a believer. I had, indeed, an utter hatred to all sin, and power to forsake everything that I believed to be offensive to God, and contrary to the holy will of my Lord Jesus, whom I sought and desired above all things visible or invisible.

'5. And now, about four months after my most deep awakenings, and joining the Methodist society, the clear day began to shine, and the Lord, who "is rich in mercy," visited me with His salvation. He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon the rock Christ Jesus. The particular manner of which was as follows:

'Coming into the room where we were accustomed to meet together, to hear the word of exhortation, before preaching began, I sat musing and meditating. My soul was looking out and longing for Christ, as the watchman for the morning, or the thirsty land for showers. The congregation being assembled, the servant of God (Mr. W. T.[1]) poured out his soul in prayer. And as he prayed, the power of the Lord came down in the midst of us. The "windows of heaven were opened, and the skies poured down righteousness." My heart melted like wax before the fire;

[1] Probably William Tucker.

especially at the mention of those words, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?" (Isa. lxiii. 1). And, again, at the singing those words in the hymn:

Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
Receive my soul, He cries:
See, where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies.

'The former words in the prayer, and these in the hymn, came with such power to my heart, that I was constrained to cry out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name: for He hath forgiven all mine iniquity, and healed my diseases."

'And now was I divinely assured that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me all my sins. The Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. "Mercy and truth met together" in my heart: "righteousness and peace kissed each other." Yea, so great was the deliverance, and so strong the consolation, that I could not contain myself. I broke out into tears of joy and love. Having obtained such mercy, I could not but join with the angels (Luke xv. 10), to sing praises to "Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb," who so loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood.

A new song was indeed put into my mouth, even of thanksgiving unto my God.

'I had often in private cried aloud to God, yet it was not till now that I did so in the congregation. But, my wound being healed, a necessity was laid upon me to declare what the Lord had done for my soul. In the same hour another, who sat next to me, was filled with joy and peace in believing. We both withdrew to another room, and gave thanks and praise to God together.

'And now I felt of a truth that faith in Christ is "the substance," or subsistence, "of things hoped for," and an "evidence of things not seen." '—God, and the things of the invisible world, of which he had only heard before by 'the hearing of the ear,' appeared now in their true light, as substantial realities, and for him.

'I could now lay hold on Christ, and the promises of God through Him. Faith in His blood brought heaven into my breast, and filled me with "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." It gave me to see a reconciled God and an all-sufficient Saviour. And thus was it an evidence to me. Through this faith I could say, "Christ loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." Oh, this is the gift of God! "Faith of the operation of the Holy Ghost." '

He observes: 'The more I compare my experience with the Word of God, and with the experience of His children, I am the more confirmed that it is no delusion, no fancy, but a real work of God; a saving change wrought in my soul by the Spirit of God, through faith in the

Lord Jesus Christ. I am persuaded, however, that the "natural man" (1 Cor. ii. 14) cannot receive "the things of the Spirit of God." He has neither eyes to see, nor a heart to understand them. A stranger doth not intermeddle with this joy. It is "the hidden manna," and the "white stone," and the "new name" (of adoption) written thereon (Rev. ii. 17), "which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." Glory, glory be to God on high!

'Now did I find the yoke of Christ to be easy indeed, and His burden light. His thoughts and commandments were sweet to my soul, sweeter even than honey to my tongue. It was my comfort all the day long to praise my Lord, and to walk in the ways which He set before me. He created me unto good works, and I cheerfully walked in them. I could unfeignedly love them that hated me, and pray for them that despitefully used and persecuted me!' 'God,' says he, 'gave me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, whose righteousness was imputed to me, for the remission of my sins! Therefore did I know that I was a child of God, "under grace," because sin did not reign in my mortal body, that I should obey it in the desires thereof (Rom. vi. 12). If so much as an evil thought was at any time injected, or the remains of the "old man" began to stir in me, I had immediate power to resist and overcome them.

'Tempted, indeed, I was; but in every temptation there was a way made for my escape. Whenever the enemy came in upon me as a flood, Jesus

appointed "salvation for walls and bulwarks" around me. He lifted up a standard against him, and frustrated all his counsels; for "greater is He that was in" me, "than he that is in the world."

'I may say, in few words, that the kingdom of God was "within me." I fed upon marrow and fatness, and with comfort drew water out of the wells of salvation. Sin, and temptation, and pain, fled before the Lord Jesus, who "dwelt in my heart by faith." I "walked" and talked "with God" all the day long. Whatsoever I believed to be His will, I did to the uttermost of my power, with my whole heart. Prayer, reading, fasting, watching, communicating, and Christian fellowship, were the joy of my soul. The commandments of God, and His holy laws, were my delight. I not only rejoiced evermore, but prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks; whether I ate, or drank, or whatever I did, it was indeed "in the name of the Lord Jesus, and to the glory of God!"'

He was now appointed a class leader. 'My business,' says he, 'was, (1) To see each person in my class once a week; and if any were absent, to inquire into the cause; (2) Whenever we met together, to sing psalms or hymns, and to pray with them; (3) To examine how their souls prospered, and what progress they had made the preceding week in the way of the Lord.'

And 'Oh,' adds he, 'how wonderfully did we experience the power and love of God, whenever

we made prayer and supplication to Him! We had a heaven amongst us; a paradise within us! The Lord poured such peace and joy into our hearts, and we were often so happy, that we did not know how to part. We lived as brethren, and strove together for "the hope of the gospel." We were of one heart and of one mind in the presence of God. And is not this the communion of saints?'

So dear the tie, where souls agree
In Jesu's dying love;
Then only can it closer be
When all are joined above!

His relations now took a second alarm. 'They thought,' says he, 'that I was turned heretic altogether. My neighbours in general were like-minded with my relations; and not those only of the Church of Rome, but several likewise who called themselves Protestants. They were extremely angry that I should, as they called it, "change my religion."

'And now did I see plainly that persons of every denomination, who are yet in their sins, under the guilt and power of them, are at enmity against Christ; and that Protestants, as well as Papists, have naturally a spirit of calumny and persecution. Reformed and unreformed I found to be just alike; and that many who spoke against the Pope and Inquisition were themselves in reality of the same spirit.

'When I was first converted, I had no notion that people could hate and speak evil of me for fearing God, and working righteousness. But

experience has taught me otherwise. I soon found the truth of the apostle's words, that "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (2 Tim. iii. 12). Relations, and acquaintance, and neighbours, rich and poor, old and young, clergy and laity, were all against me. Some said I was a hypocrite; others that I was mad; others, judging more favourably, that I was deceived. Many that before thought well, yea, highly of me, knew not how to harbour a good thought of me.'

He had, from his first thorough awakening, a love to, and concern for, the souls of others, which was quite new to him. 'Thus,' as he observes, 'while I was in unbelief myself, I sometimes forgot my own condition through eagerness of desire for the salvation of other souls.'

Meantime, it was frequently impressed upon his mind, 'You must preach the gospel. Thou shalt bear public testimony to the truth of God,' by openly declaring His lovingkindness in the redemption of the world. 'I prostrated myself before the Lord,' says he, 'and entreated Him to show me His pleasure herein; to convince me by His Holy Spirit whether the thoughts of my heart were according to His holy will, and whether I ought to speak in His name; or, if I was under a delusion, to show me this also, and deliver me from it. I could appeal to the Searcher of hearts that I desired only to glorify Him, and do His will in all things.'

He still kept the affair within his own breast, having mentioned it to no one person whatsoever,

till, from some words he occasionally dropped one day among his brethren, one of them gathered that he had some thoughts of that kind. At length it became matter of much and earnest prayer among the most serious of his Christian acquaintance, with whom, afterwards, he held frequent conversations on the head; being fearful of taking one step in a matter of so great importance without the clearest intimations of the divine good pleasure.

He applied himself with all diligence to what he judged the most suitable studies; in which he spent the greatest part of his waking hours. The 'word of life' had, however, the chief share of his attention. He read it much upon his knees in the spirit of prayer. The following is a specimen only of his continued practice: 'Lord Jesus, I lay my soul at Thy feet, to be taught and governed by Thee. Take the veil from the mystery, and show me the truth as it is in Thyself. Be Thou my sun and star, by day and by night!' This was the way in which he sought for wisdom to win souls, and by which his profiting so visibly appeared to all men. He professes that, if at any time he was in doubt concerning any point of doctrine, or the sense of any passage of Scripture, his Divine Instructor convinced him that either it was not needful for him to know it then; or, if it was, directed him, either immediately by Himself, through some divine impression, or the providential provision of some person or book, whereby his doubts were always solved.

'The Spirit of God,' says he, 'now convinced

me clearly, not only of sin and of righteousness in my own soul, but, likewise, how the work of conversion is to be carried on in the souls of others. I was athirst for divine knowledge. I desired to be ever in the school of Christ, learning the lessons of His grace. The glory of the Lord often passed before me in prayer, and the light of eternity shone upon my soul, while my Lord fed me as with marrow and fatness ! '

Desirous of a more enlarged sphere to exercise his Lord's talent, and the period of time affording a providential provision for it, ' I opened,' says he, ' my mind to that man of God, the Rev. Mr. John Wesley. I spoke my thoughts freely, and without disguise, desiring his advice on the occasion ; which he sweetly and humbly gave me : adding, withal, that I might write to him afterwards. I did so, giving him a brief account of my conversion to God, and of what I experienced in my soul concerning preaching. His answer was as follows :

' " My dear Brother,

' " It is hard to judge what God has called you to, till trial is made. Therefore, when you have an opportunity, you may go to Shronell, and spend two or three days with the people there. Speak to them in Irish." '

Shronell is a village in the county of Tipperary, distant from the place he then resided at (Newmarket) about thirty English miles. The inhabitants, many of whom were Protestant Dissenters,

had some time before gladly received the word of God from the Methodists. Thither he went, accompanied by one of his own brothers, and another of his Christian brethren; having been commended to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ by the earnest prayers of several of the children of God. 'We walked it,' says he, 'and gave ourselves to prayer, conversing of the things of the kingdom of heaven, and exhorting those we met with in the way to fear the Lord, and depart from evil.'

They arrived there the next day, which was in July, 1750. The brethren received them kindly in the Lord, though they were unknown to them by face. And having had knowledge of his errand, and informed their neighbours, there were assembled in the evening, in a large barn, a considerable congregation, to whom, for the first time, he preached the Word of God, choosing for his first text the words of St. Paul: 'Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law' (Rom. iii. 28).

He did so again the next morning, on 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' (Rom. v. 1). And, in like manner, morning and evening, during the few days he stayed among them.

And the Lord bore testimony to the word of His grace. For although some contradicted and mocked, yet others were deeply affected, and some were 'turned to the Lord.' 'So gracious was God,' adds he, 'to own the labours of His poor creature, and to bless the word of His

weakest and meanest messenger. Not unto me, but unto Thy name, be the glory! O God, Thou hast done the work. Thou didst give the word, and didst also apply it; for Thou only canst turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. O my God, stand by me still! and as hitherto Thou hast helped me, never leave nor forsake me. But keep my soul in peace, and give me an humble and a meek spirit. Let me labour diligently in Thy vineyard, and spend my life and strength in the labour of love. Amen, Lord Jesus.'

PART II

It being now no longer matter of doubt what the will of God was concerning him—trial having been made, and the fruit answering to the design—he resolved to defer no longer stirring up the gift of God which was in him. Setting aside, therefore, every other concern and employment, he devoted himself entirely to the work which he believed God had assigned him.

And now the divine providence, concurring with his convictions and inclination, made his way clear to put into execution what he had been so long deliberating upon. Choosing the Lord for his sole portion, he literally left all, and went out into the world to spend his life in beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. This was about the latter end of August, 1750, when, going from the place of his nativity to Limerick, he had daily opportunity of publishing those glad tidings which he first heard in that city, and which became the power of God to his salvation. At first he commonly expounded the Scriptures every morning; and after a little while, both evening and morning, with much earnestness, exhorted and besought multitudes, who attended his discourses, to 'seek the Lord while He may be found.'

Several persons who heard him, and who, till then, had been careless and utterly unconcerned about the matter, became seriously concerned

for their salvation; while in the meantime others, who had been deeply distressed with the guilt of sin and fear of punishment, felt His word the power of God unto salvation.

He was about this time called to bear reproach for his work's sake. The minds of some persons became evil affected towards him. His unpolished youth; his roughness, both of address and dialect, owing partly to natural temper, partly to having been brought up much in the country (like, to compare little things with great, another preacher of repentance coming out of the wilderness), and partly to his having been formerly of the Church of Rome; but more than all, his being a native of that neighbourhood, gave some persons a pretended fair occasion for being deeply offended at him, who expressed it by their unkind and uncivil treatment towards him. This I had from some of the persons themselves, a considerable time after, who mentioned it to their own reproach, that he, whom then they so loved and honoured, was nevertheless once the object of their contempt and scorn.

There are many instances of the good effects of these his first labours. It plainly appeared that the word of God in his mouth was attended with the power of the Holy Ghost. It was not an uncommon case for persons to be so penetrated by his awakening and fervent discourses as even to resolve not to leave the place till they should find rest to their heavy-laden souls. And the instances were not a few to whom the God of love condescended even in this particular by

sending them 'the spirit of adoption into their hearts,' testifying, 'Thy sins are forgiven'; and enabling them to cry, 'Abba, Father.'

His time was now wholly taken up in searching, expounding, and enforcing the Scriptures, which he did both in public and in private; in prayer, visiting the sick, and whatsoever other particular employments, occasional or stated, had any relation to his one purpose of spending and being spent in the service of his only Lord and Master Jesus Christ. And having been thus employed at Limerick for some time, his inclination led him, and it was judged expedient, that he should go and preach the gospel in other places also.

His way into Leinster and Connaught had, in some degree, been prepared before him; many having received that gospel which he preached from others of his brethren. He followed them, flaming with desire for the salvation of souls, and with zeal for the glory of his Master. His labours now were greater than any he had hitherto known; for, beside preaching always twice (unless when sickness prevented), and sometimes thrice a day, he often travelled many miles between.

For a while all his attempts succeeded, and his endeavours were crowned with much success. Multitudes of people of all denominations attended his preaching in the towns and villages wherever he came; so that in a little time he was generally known all around the country.

Now, therefore, did the god of this world so stir up his emissaries, that no less than the taking away his life was designed. He has been

sometimes waylaid in his journey, and escaped their hands only by remarkable interpositions of divine providence. It may perhaps be tedious to enumerate all the instances. The following I set down, abridged from his journal:

'*Thursday, Jan.* 4, 1750.—With much weakness of body I preached this morning, and soon after set out for Roscrea. About a mile from the town I met a large company, armed with clubs. Seventy-eight men were sworn upon the occasion. At the first sight of them I was a little daunted; but I prayed to the Lord for direction, and was strengthened. They compelled me to alight, saying, "they would bring a minister of the Church of England, and a Romish priest, to talk with me." I let them know I contended with no man concerning opinions, nor preached against any particular Church, but against sin and wickedness in all. I said, "Supposing three persons among you, of different denominations, it may be a Churchman, a Quaker, and a Papist, sitting down and drinking to excess, begin to dispute, each affirming that his was the best religion: where is the religion of all these men? Surely they are without any, unless it be that of Belial. They are of their father the devil, while his works they do. And if they live and die in this condition, hell must be their eternal portion." This they could not gainsay.

'After some further discourse on the design of my coming to preach the gospel to them, and appealing to themselves concerning the necessity of it, their rage seemed a little abated, and they

told me they would let me go, on condition that I would swear never more to come to Roscrea. But when I absolutely refused this, they consulted on rougher measures, and, after much debate, were determined to put me into a well, which they had prepared for that purpose. They hurried me away into the town, where I was surrounded, as by so many human wolves. They held a consultation again, and resolved either to make me swear that I would never more come thither, or else to put me into the well. But I refused either to swear or promise. Some then cried vehemently that I should go into the water ; but others contradicted, and as positively said I should not.

'After some time the parish minister came, who behaved well, and desired that I might be set at liberty. They consented, provided I would go out of town immediately. From an inn, where they confined me, they brought me out into the street, and, it being market-day, I began to preach to the people. But, taking me by the back, they hurled me before them out of town. At length I got on horseback, and, taking off my hat, I prayed for them some considerable time. I then called upon them in the name of God, for Christ's sake to repent : and told them, as to myself, in the cause of God, I feared neither devils nor men ; that to do their souls good was my sole motive of coming among them ; and that, if God permitted, they might put me in the well, or even stone me ; that, be it how it would, I was content.

'I came off from them at length in peace of conscience and serenity of mind. From the first of it to the last, I was not the least disturbed, nor stirred in anger or malice towards them. O God, it is Thou alone that hast wrought this deliverance for me, in restraining the malice of men and devils, not suffering them to hurt me, when they rose up against me. Therefore, with angels and archangels, I laud and magnify Thy holy name; Thy tender mercy and paternal affection towards me, O holy Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

His labours in that place were not, however, in vain: there were gathered together a few who departed from evil, bringing forth the fruits of repentance, and who met frequently together, to strengthen each other's hands in God.

He abode in those parts for some months, and went through much, both evil and good report. While going about daily, he endeavoured, by all means, the conversion of their souls. He often wanted proper necessaries for his body, now every day impaired in its health, through the greatness of his fatigues. But this by no means damped the fervour of his spirit, and concern which he felt for perishing sinners, great numbers of whom were present to his view wherever he came. A desire of being instrumental towards opening their eyes, and turning them to God, brought him amongst them; nor could any personal inconvenience respecting himself alter his purpose, till Providence directed his way elsewhere.

Some, in almost every place, received the word

gladly; while others not only did not regard it, but treated him with unkindness, if not roughly handled him, even to abusive language, blows, or imprisonment.

The following instance, which was the occasion of my first knowledge of him, happened in the town of my nativity, in the county, and about twenty miles from the city, of Cork:

At the repeated request of some of the inhabitants, he went thither, accompanied by a few friends from the town of Bandon, June 11, 1752. The magistrate, who was also rector of the parish, the Rev. Mr. William Ellis, was applied to for the use of the market-house to preach in; which after he had with displeasure refused, it was proposed that he should preach at a small distance from the town. Thither he went, accompanied by multitudes, to whom, under the canopy of the outspread firmament near a spacious strand, and shaded by a spreading tree, he fully and affectionately declared the gospel of the grace of God.

By the time he had got to the place appointed, the magistrate had sent his sergeants to forbid him preaching. 'But being,' to use his own words, 'of the opinion that, on this occasion, it was better to obey God rather than man,' he stepped up upon a table, prepared for that purpose, and, immediately opening his little Bible, read to them Job xxi. 3: 'Suffer me that I may speak: after that, mock on.' The seasonable singularity of the very text so excited their (the sergeants') attention, that they permitted him to finish quietly, themselves attending all the while.

From this passage he took occasion to preach 'Jesus and Him crucified,' and endeavoured to set Him forth evidently as crucified before our eyes. The word was, in truth, with power. Several faces were turned to paleness, and wet with tears, while he urged it home upon the conscience, that our sins were the cause of His death, the betrayers and murderers of the Son of God.

On his return into the town, he was seized by the officers, and brought before the magistrate, followed by an astonished multitude. Being asked many and various questions concerning 'this way,' he answered fully, and without fear. The conversation lasted near an hour, in which he largely explained himself, giving the reasons of his conduct; and alleging, in its behalf, precedents both from Scripture and antiquity.

But Mr. Ellis, having pre-determined what he would do, was not to be moved by arguments. He therefore let him know that unless he would promise to preach no more in this way, at least not in those parts, he should be committed to prison without delay. He replied, that 'as he had been so earnestly importuned to come there, he could not, in conscience, promise not to come'; and asked, 'Are there no swearers, drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, and the like, in these parts?' Being answered, 'There are,' he added, that 'if, after he had preached there a few times, there appeared to be no reformation for the better amongst them, he would never come thither more.' But it seemed resolved that all he might

say should not be regarded ; and he was, at length, ordered to prison. He went thither with all readiness ; and esteemed it matter of thanksgiving that his Lord counted him worthy to suffer reproach for His name's sake.

Several persons accompanied him into the prison, where, during the whole time, he, with his friends, sang praises to God, and exhorted the people. The street was crowded, some saying one thing and some another : in general, however, they were displeased at his confinement, and almost the whole town seemed concerned in his behalf. He still, as far as his voice could reach, preached to them through the window.

The inhabitants showed the utmost civility towards him ; and, not knowing how long he might be confined there, they provided bedding and provision for him and his companions. But it was not long before the magistrate sent to let him go. Coming out, and seeing such a number of people, he would fain, weak and fatigued as he was, have preached to them ; but was dissuaded by his friends. He then went to a private room, and exhorted till ten o'clock as many as came to him, which were not a few.

He went thither twice afterwards, and, though still with much contradiction, preached to them that gospel which is 'the power of God unto salvation.' His endeavours, however, were not all lost. There is to this hour some of the fruit of his labours in that place ; persons to whom, because of the blessing which God made him to their souls, his memory will be for ever precious.

The following instance happened in the north of Ireland, some considerable time after the preceding, at a place called Newtown, whither he went on the Lord's day.

At the desire of several persons, he intended to have preached in a place called the Church Green, where were assembled a large company to hear him. But while his hands were lifted up in prayer, there came one Mr. Mortimer, a Presbyterian, and with him several hundred persons, and, taking hold of him by the breast, pulled him with violence to the ground. They hauled him through the mob, and had wellnigh choked him, when one Mr. Biers freed him from the hands of him who held him ; for which he was soon struck to the ground himself.

Being got free, it grieved him exceedingly to see such a willing multitude disappointed ; and being importuned thereto by some who earnestly desired to hear the Word, he went to a place at some distance from the former. But here, likewise, by the time he had begun, the same persons pursued him : perceiving, therefore, that it was vain to attempt preaching in the midst of such disturbance, he retired to a little house, in a garden at some distance. But neither here could he be at rest ; and, to avoid their fury, he was obliged to wade through wet meadows, and then climb over the mountains, till, 'wet and weary, we' (he had one person with him) 'came to the house of one Mr. Ambey, who supplied us with all we wanted.' His tender, broken constitution could not, however, endure this fatigue without feeling

its effects. He was obliged, therefore, in a few days, to take to his bed, where a fever confined him for some time. He professes that in all his journeying and intercourse among people of most denominations, in the course of his employments for God, he had met with no such treatment; no, not among the most enraged of the Romanists themselves.

'In the midst of it all,' he says, 'my mind was calm. I had no remarkable consolation, or fear, or sorrow: I prayed for them, and do still pray God to forgive them, and not lay this sin to their charge.'

His name was well known in all the Romish churches; and in whatsoever place there appeared but a probability of his coming, the priests took care to render him as obnoxious to the people as they possibly could; insomuch that they stuck at nothing, though never so false, to compass their end. They, however, carefully avoided his having opportunity to talk with themselves. I do not find that from the time of his leaving their communion he had ever any settled, personal interviews with them, although, for the sake of their poor, ignorant people, for whom he had the tenderest compassion, he has frequently desired it—sometimes even in public. One occasional conversation only with one of their priests, on board a ship, in a passage from England to Dublin, he relates as follows: 'We discoursed on the following particulars: (1) Concerning the Pope's infallibility; (2) Transubstantiation; (3) Invocation of saints; (4)

Purgatory. But he could not withstand the force of plain Scripture, and therefore withdrew. The company were greatly pleased to find how little the Romish clergy have to say for themselves when opposed by arguments taken from Scripture and reason.'

The priests not only propagated a variety of lying insinuations to prevent their people's resort to his sermons, for which multitudes of them discovered so great an inclination; but likewise forbade any of them to hear him, under pain of damnation.

In one place (Clonmel) the priest informed his congregation (to such low shifts were they driven), and industriously spread abroad, that he had been servant-boy to a certain priest; and that, having stolen his master's books, he learned to preach by that means.

The conduct of another of them, at Cork, was still more extraordinary. There was in that place a vast resort of Catholics (so called) to his sermons, which were often under the open firmament, as well as daily within doors, both in Irish and English; and among the Romanists, who were happily stirred up thereby to a concern for their salvation, there was one elderly woman, who had been in some religious office among them. She entirely forsook their communion, constantly attended his sermons, and thenceforward received the Lord's Supper in the Church of England.

The Romish priests became strangely irritated, and laboured vehemently to stop the growing evil;

to which end, one of them affirmed to the people that ' as to that Walsh, who had some time before turned heretic, and went about preaching, he had been dead long ago ; and that he who then preached in this manner was but the devil in his shape.'

But their endeavours proved, in great measure, ineffectual ; for however a few persons, who cared but little about the matter, might have received ill impressions from such malicious or mistaken insinuations, yet several of their communion, in many places, heard him gladly, and would not be hindered therefrom. Rather, the more the priests urged them, they prevailed the less. His labours, and prayers, and tears, for their poor straying souls, over whom his bowels so often yearned, had on many the desired effect ; being thereby not only reformed from Popery, but really converted to God.

And hence it was that, from the beginning of the concern which he felt for his own soul, he set himself, by all possible means, ' to turn them from darkness to light ' ; and whether in the highways, at inns, in the city or country, he let slip no probable means of instructing them. One circumstance, which is much more common in Ireland than England, I mean the number of street-beggars, furnished him with frequent opportunities of this kind.

His manner of addressing them was easy and familiar, talking to them always in a style suited to their capacity and prejudices. He avoided entirely the difference of churches, and all matters

of dispute, speaking only of the dreadful evil of sin, the great affairs of eternal life and eternal death, of judgement, and of the sufferings and sacrifice of the Son of God. And his discourses had often such immediate effect that, falling on their knees, and smiting their breasts, they have wept and cried for mercy in the open streets. He always concluded his instructions with giving them money, if he had it; which, indeed, was not always the case.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the conversations and various intercourses which he had with members of that communion, and the good effects which were produced by them. Two or three only may be related from his own accounts.

'This day —— came to my room. I asked him how he hoped to be saved. And having talked together in Irish for some time, he became greatly affected, and said, "I have saved some money, to leave to some priest or friar, when I die, in order to procure me the forgiveness of my sins; and I am willing to leave it to you, if you will accept of it." I told him that no man could forgive his sins; that the gift of God was not to be purchased with money; that only the blood of Christ, our great High-priest, could cleanse from sin; and to this effect. He was deeply wounded, and cried earnestly to God; to whom, after prayer, I commended him.'

At another time he writes, 'A poor woman, a Papist, came to my room desirous of salvation. I prayed with her in Irish. She frequently fell on

her knees, and cried for mercy, resolving no more to regard the priest's curses, but to seek her salvation according as the Word of God directs.'

Again: 'Being on a journey, where I breakfasted (it was a Romanist's), I reproved the landlord for swearing, and talked to all who were present. I exhorted likewise a woman at the door to seek from God repentance and salvation. She cried with amaze to the Blessed Virgin and to the twelve apostles to help her. But I taught her to direct her prayers to God the Father, through the Lord Jesus Christ.'

Beside his frequent occasional conversations with them, he went as often and to as many of their own houses as he could get admittance to, where he regarded the children and servants even as the masters and mistresses.

But what most of all contributed to the success of his attempts for their good was his public preaching, to which great numbers of them frequently resorted, wherever he came; induced thereto chiefly by his preaching in Irish, and such things as they easily understood. There is, in the Irish language, a peculiarly affecting expressiveness, particularly with respect to the things of God; which, being pressed home upon the conscience by his zealous and alarming way of preaching, often left them bathed in tears. I saw a very remarkable instance of this in the town of my nativity: preaching there on a market-day, and many of the country people running with surprise to hear him, they smote their breasts, and wept in such a manner as was entirely new

to them, some affirming that they could go all over the world with him! It may be truly said, he seldom preached a sermon in Irish from which some of them did not receive certain advantage. He briefly mentions a few instances himself, as follows:

'After preaching both in Irish and English, a Popish woman came to me, saying she came for instruction; for that, as she was a poor woman, she could not have it elsewhere, and she wanted to save her soul. I told her that all which was in my power I would do for her willingly. She wept, and I prayed with her, pointing her, for all her soul wanted, to Jesus, who alone is "the way, the truth, and the life."'

Again: '*January* 4, 1751.—My soul was delighted to see with what earnestness the poor Irish' (meaning the Romanists) 'received the Word, being in general deeply affected. Oh how they did weep and cry for mercy! May God hear their prayer Surely this people will rise up in judgement against the Protestants, who, having the light of the gospel, either neglect or despise it; and also against the pastors of this ignorant people, who hold them in error. Oh what have the Romish clergy to answer for before God!'

'*April*, 1751.—Many of them professed, after preaching, that they received more benefit from that one sermon than from all the masses they had attended during their whole life.'

At another time, preaching concerning the Good Samaritan (Luke x. 30-37), 'two members of the

Church of Rome were deeply convinced of their want of a Saviour, and thirty-four persons joined themselves together to seek and serve the Lord.'

'*Friday, May* 8.—I conversed with a woman who was formerly of the Church of England, but had been seduced by the Romish priests. She was convinced of her error, and returned. To God be the glory.'

'After preaching on John i. 17, sinners cried out mightily. One came confessing her deeds, and said she had lived an adulteress, worse than Mary Magdalene: she wept, trembled, and roared, and strove.'

The circumstance of his preaching and speaking in Irish, next to the singular blessing of God upon his labours, contributed most to the success of his endeavours among them. Though it is remarkably observable that, preaching one day on Oxmantown Green in Dublin, among those who were affected by the discourse there was one man cut to the heart, although he did not at all understand the language.

In a journey once between Cork and Bandon, he fell into conversation with a man, who rode some miles with him, till, as was his constant manner, he began to apply something to his heart concerning the worth of his soul and the way of salvation. But he, savouring not the things of God, became grievously offended. 'His prejudice, in short, ran so high, that he declared, although he were shot for it, he would have satisfaction; adding, with an oath, "Thou shalt

never deceive another; for I am resolved to be the death of you just now."

'I was quiet in my mind, being persuaded that the God of Daniel was still the same: I did not feel the least anger or rising of revenge to him; and still reproved him whenever he swore. In the midst of his rage, I reproved him in Irish. He was instantly amazed; and replied, "Why did you not speak so to me in the beginning?" The lion became a lamb; and I then let him know, still speaking in Irish, what Christ had done for sinners. He departed with a broken heart.'

When some of them once followed him, after preaching, desirous of instruction, 'I told them,' says he, 'as to religion, that it was not a bare profession which would avail any one: that the true way was to forsake sin, and follow Christ; and that in order thereto, it was needful that a person should (1) Be poor in spirit; feel that he is a sinner; (2) Mourn on that account, with a broken and contrite heart; (3) Forsake sin, by applying to the Lord for strength; (4) Believe in Christ, and Him only, for salvation; as it is His blood alone that cleanseth from all unrighteousness; and (5) Obey the gospel, by conforming to the rules there laid down; living "soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world."'

And so zealously concerned was he for enforcing these truths wherever he came, that once, amidst a great number of Romanists, whose attention some endeavoured to hinder, he said, 'If my doctrine be not according to the Word of God,

stone me on the spot. Make a sacrifice of me: only hear for yourselves.'

'Oh that God would call them to the knowledge of the gospel of peace, and open to them a door of salvation! Open, Lord, the eyes of their priests. Remember the purchase of Thy blood; nor suffer those poor souls to perish, for whom Christ hath died.'

It was now judged expedient, that (having been successfully employed between two and three years in his native country) he should go to England likewise; to which only the conviction of its being the will of God could have reconciled him, feeling 'a struggle,' he says, 'within himself, on leaving his friends and country.'

On May 10, 1753, he embarked at Dublin, with some other friends, and the next day arrived at Parkgate. Concerning this voyage, and his arrival in England, he writes as follows: 'There were on board several gentry and officers, with a large number of cabin passengers. They cursed, swore, and blasphemed, as though they were in hell. I reproved them again and again; but they still persisted, and said I was mad. O God, if there never was any other damnation in the world to come than even the company of such wretches, who would not flee from it?

'My God, I cannot but admire Thy goodness towards me. I heartily praise and magnify Thy name for preserving me on the great deep. O Thou Lover of my soul, I beseech Thee come with me hither! Open my mouth in wisdom and in

righteousness, that I may preach Christ crucified to the people of England. Jesus, Master, stand by me, and strengthen my body and soul!

Embolden by Thine outstretched arm,
Fill me with confidence divine;
With heavenly zeal my bosom warm;
That all may own the work is Thine.

Give them an ear to hear the word
Thou speakest to Thy churches now,
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
And let all hearts to Jesus bow.

Open my mouth, and utterance give,
Give me a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in Him that died for all.'

London was the place where he was appointed chiefly to labour. He arrived there on the 31st of May, 1753, and preached his first sermon from 1 John ii. 1.

And now did he, more vigorously than ever, apply himself, both in public and in private, to the labour of his calling; resolving, in a place of such opportunities, and of such dangers, to make the very best use of both. He found himself in the midst of a numerous and well-instructed people, many of whom were deeply experienced in the things of God. This was to him matter of great joy, though at the same time of much carefulness, knowing, that in order to be truly profitable to them, a superficial acquaintance with things would but ill suffice. It was his daily and nightly study how he might best contribute his part towards the feeding them with the

sincere milk of the Word of God, and the building them up in their most holy faith.

But neither did he here intermit his endeavours for the salvation of his poor ignorant countrymen (of whom great numbers of the lower sort are constantly employed in London), still detained in that darkness from which he had so happily escaped himself.[1] He therefore appointed times for explaining, to as many of them as would hear, the first principles of the doctrine of Christ; and preached several times in Irish, in Moorfields and elsewhere; endeavouring likewise to have as many private interviews with them as he possibly could.[2]

It was here he first formed to himself a more exact plan for the improvement of his time, with respect to his public and private capacity as a preacher and a Christian; assigning determinate portions of it to certain employments, which, unless when necessity required it otherwise, he punctually observed. He preached constantly twice a day, and visited many of the people

[1] Wesley says (*Journal*, Sunday, June 24, 1753): 'Mr. Walsh preached at Short's Gardens, in Irish. Abundance of his countrymen flocked to hear, and some were cut to the heart. How many means does God use to bring poor wanderers back to Himself!' July 1: 'He preached in Irish, in Moorfields. The congregation was exceeding large, and behaved seriously; though probably many of them came purely to hear what manner of language it was. For the sake of these he preached afterwards in English, if by any means he might win some.'

[2] In *A Short History of the People called Methodists* (Works xiii. 336), Wesley adds to the above facts: 'Wherever he preached, whether in English or Irish, the word was sharper than a two-edged sword: so that I do not remember ever to have known any preacher who, in so few years as he remained upon earth, was an instrument of converting so many sinners from the error of their ways.'

in their families; besides frequent attendance on the sick and dying, from some of whom he was rarely a day absent.

It seemed good to those whom the divine wisdom had honoured with the oversight of a multitude of persons here, in their absence, to entrust him with that branch of their work. His exactness and submissive faithfulness therein appeared in many and various particulars, of which a part only may be gathered from the following letter to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley:

'HONOURED SIR,

'I THANK you for your letter. I longed exceedingly to hear from you. Your account of the good woman in your Journal was refreshing to my soul. What I have to say at present is as follows:

'1. Mr. [Charles] Wesley is gone to Bristol. He met us on Monday mornings, and upon the whole all was well. We parted in much love. 2. Mr. F[letcher] goes on well. I converse with him when I can. 3. The Lord is powerfully carrying on His work. Sinners are alarmed, and saints edified. This day, in visiting the sick, my soul was greatly comforted by hearing of God's dealings with their souls. 4. Brother M[axfield] is gone to Bristol; Brother M[itchell] to Norwich; and Brother F—— talks of leaving us next week. Brother D—— and the local preachers are with me; and, as Mr. Fletcher gives us such assistance, I hope the places will be supplied.

'Mr. B——, I hear, has preached lately at ——: several are offended. I dare determine nothing; but ask, What shall be done? 5. On Monday I began to change the tickets, &c. God give me integrity, wisdom, meekness, and love. I think, considering these particulars, I cannot leave London yet. It seems Providence keeps me here still.

'You have the prayers of your children. I do not forget you. A son honoureth his father, and a father loveth his son. Let it be so till death, and the devil can get little advantage. Your preaching has been often and exceedingly blessed to my soul. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that the Lord would make me partaker of His holiness.

'Dear sir, I trust your soul will, in time and in eternity, partake of that great salvation you have preached in the name of the Lord. Oh may it please God that we may meet full of holy and happy love! I feel my soul this moment strongly drawn after God; but there is yet something that keeps me out of perfect rest and liberty. Jesus, take my whole heart! Confound, overpower me with Thy grace! Requesting your prayers and counsel, I remain,

'Your very affectionate son,

'THOMAS WALSH.

'LONDON, *April* 30 [1757].'

His heart being entirely set upon the things of heaven, and taken up wholly with designs of pleasing Him whose providence had disposed

of him in this manner, set him upon pursuing, with all the ardour of his soul, whatever he judged might best promote such an end. His genius also fitted him for profiting by the variety of assistances, in point of learning and religion, which his present situation afforded him ; so that his advancement in divine knowledge and in divine life, while he remained here, became every day still more and more visible. The fruit of his public ministry was likewise still more discernible ; as was likewise the general tenor of his conduct more acceptable to the people. They had abundant evidence of his devotedness to God, and of his truly serving as a son in the gospel. He was generally blessed to all kinds of hearers. His discourses were always of an awakening nature, entering into the very heart ; and singularly calculated to assist such as were ardently seeking after 'perfect love' (1 John iv. 17, 18). And hereby, through the divine blessing, he became instrumental to such a revival of the work of God as had not been known, as to its depth, from the first union of that Society of which he was a member ; and which, blessed be God, has increased with added lustre ever since ; nor are there a few in London who bless God that ever they heard his voice, and to whom the memory of Walsh will be for ever precious.

The zealous fervour for God which appeared in his whole conduct—the discourses about heavenly things, and present soul-concerns, which he often held at meals to the servants, and frequently in the kitchen—occasioned an elderly woman of known

piety, who belonged to the house, to take particular notice of him. She diligently attended to most of his ways which came within her observation; and, without letting any one know of it, watched even his secret retirements: partly to be fully satisfied of his integrity, and partly to have matter of still greater joy at finding his life all of a piece. She did so several times, and found, as she expected and desired, a happy consistency between the whole of his behaviour, public and private. She observed him through the keyhole, or some crevice of the door, and sometimes saw him upon his knees, sometimes prostrate upon the ground. His countenance was commonly, at those times, lifted up to heaven, often as it were inflamed; and often, in tears, would he deeply sigh to God.

Thus did he spend the time of his abode in England,[1] spreading the savour of his good ointment all around him wherever he came; and by his example, as well as preaching, pressing every one to make sure work for eternity. He perceived clearly it was the good providence of God which prepared his way, and directed him hither, and could bless Him unfeignedly on that account. He came from Ireland to London three several times; the last of which was the longest time

[1] Walsh took a prominent part in the anxious deliberations at the Leeds Conference of 1755, when it was agreed, that whether lawful or not, it was not expedient to separate from the Church of England. Charles Wesley was in great distress. John wrote him on June 20: 'Do not you understand that they all promised by Thomas Walsh not to administer, even among themselves? I think that a huge point given up; perhaps more than they could give up with a clear conscience' (*Works*, xii. 116).

of his continuing there (about two years), and the most profitable, both to himself and to others. And here especially it was, that through his great and incessant labours, his unwearied application to private study and public ministrations, he laid the foundation of that disorder which, at length, resisting the force of all medicine, removed him to another world.

Some account of his endeavours for the salvation of his neighbour has already been given. But this, being so considerable a part of his character, deserves a more full consideration; though, in reality, it cannot be told of how many and various expedients he served himself for the conversion of sinners.

The language of his whole conduct was, in truth, what on a certain occasion he breathed out in the following words: 'Oh how does my soul thirst for the salvation of all men! How does my heart bleed with desire that the fullness of the Gentiles were brought in, and that all Israel might be saved! I have,' as he said on a certain occasion, 'but one life; and it is a hard case if I cannot readily lose that for His sake who gave His life a ransom for mine, and for the life of the world. My soul bleeds for the world which lieth in the wicked one.'

Mountains, market-places, highways, meadows, rooms, prisons, and ships, were the frequent theatres of his publishing the gospel of peace. And herein there appeared in him something next to marvellous, being a living fire, continually

burning in the love of God and man ; still mounting upwards, and kindling all that were capable about him ; as prone to fervour and activity as some are to coldness and indolence. He was never weary of well-doing, nor ever spoke slightly, and with an indifferent affection, of the great God and of the things of religion in general ; but with a seriousness and reverence becoming one who, by faith, saw the Invisible, and looked to be shortly with Him.

It is scarcely possible so to represent, as to enable a stranger to him adequately to conceive, the flow of his soul and energy of his spirit and expressions on these occasions, while he endeavoured by all means to save some. To this end he truly imparted, not the gospel of God only, but likewise his own soul, withholding nothing which he judged might be beneficial to the people. It was this noble object of pursuit which raised him likewise above even that necessary attention to his body which it greatly required. It was truly said of him :

> He scorned his feeble flesh to spare,
> Regardless of his swift decline ;
> His single aim, his ceaseless prayer,
> To spread the righteousness divine.[1]

The fire which burned in his heart never said, 'It is enough.' And the success with which it pleased our Lord to prosper his labours was a constant motive to his still going forward. His designs of doing good were without limits, esteeming himself, in this respect, a debtor to all, and

[1] Charles Wesley, *Poetical Works*, vi. 284

embracing in affection not less than the whole world.

Riding through Wales at one time, and finding that in many places they did not understand English, he felt great concern on that occasion, and formed a resolution, if his life and health permitted, he would learn the Welsh language for their sakes.

When, at another time, in a passage to Ireland, he was driven in thither to a place where they understood English, he let slip no opportunity of preaching to and visiting them daily, during his stay there, at their own houses, exhorting them (as he says on the occasion) 'to seek the Lord while He may be found.' Several were convinced, and took knowledge that they must follow Christ through evil report, and suffer for Him, if they would live with Him in glory.

He dreaded not the faces of men, but, where occasion offered, boldly reproved what he saw amiss in every one. Wherever there appeared any probability of his doing good, he was never hindered therefrom by the prospect of personal danger. In one place, having preached to a vast number of Romanists and others, and a prospect appearing of doing much good among them, he intended to go thither again. But a report prevailed that if he attempted it, a certain great man would either have him stoned, or sent to jail. 'On this occasion I reflected,' says he, 'what God had done in former times for those who put their trust in Him. And He gave me strength according to my day. I found my faith in Him

greatly strengthened, and resolved simply to rely on His protection; not doubting but that He would stand by me. So I went thither, and preached in the name of the Lord.

'The fear of man prevented their giving me entrance into their houses as before; so I stood on a chair in the street, and thanked God for the privilege. They received the Word without disturbance, and with joy. On my return, I prayed at two houses in the way, and the power of God was greatly in the midst of us. Praised be God and the Lamb for ever!

The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering sons of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears to save
And snatch them from th' infernal grave.

My life, my blood, I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent!
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord,
Thy will be done, Thy name adored.

His labours were, indeed, much beyond the strength of his dying body, and his fervent zeal would not suffer him to stand still; so that his friends were obliged sometimes (as Origen's mother, to prevent her young son's burning with his father) to hide his clothes, or lock him in his room in the morning.

His whole conversation was like fire: warming, refreshing, and comforting all that were about him, and begetting in their souls a measure of the same zealous concern for the glory of God, and the salvation of sinners, which burned in his own breast. It was not possible to be much with him,

and not to hear discourses which bred a detestation of sin, and a love of holiness.

His endeavours to do good extended to children also. He first introduced in many places the custom of meeting weekly such of them as could attend, in order to instruct them in such truths, relating to godliness, as their years and capacity admitted of. In doing which, he desired their parents might be present likewise; to whom his affecting manner of address was not less serviceable than to the children themselves, both often weeping together.[1]

While in London he had several interviews with the Jews, frequently attending their synagogues, and reasoning with them out of their own Hebrew Scriptures. And although I cannot say with certainty that any of them were converted, yet sure I am, from eye-witnesses, that they were not able to gainsay the power by which he spoke.

When, at any time, he met any of his Christian acquaintance in the street, or only just called at their houses passing by, which was frequently the case, he had always something to say by way of a watchword, which he left upon their minds. Such as, 'Well, let us hold out a little longer!—Are we pressing forward?—Let us hold fast faith, and a good conscience.—Are we watching now unto prayer, and pressing after perfect love?' and to this purpose. I well remember one instance of the good effects of this, which a person mentioned to me since his death. 'I shall never

[1] Wesley's *Journal*, April 11, 1756.

forget,' says he, 'a word which Mr. Walsh, taking me by the hand one day, spoke to me in my shop : " 'Tis worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone." ' It was like a nail in a sure place, and left a useful impression upon the person's mind ever after. The gravity and earnestness with which he delivered these kinds of little mementos to his friends, carried them, by God's help, to the heart, and left them there. So that I have heard several of his sayings, in this way, called to remembrance since his decease by several of his acquaintance.

The first materials of his learning were not very considerable. He had acquired some knowledge of Latin in his childhood, but left it off for the mathematics ; so that, by the time he resumed his grammatical studies, he had almost all to do again. However, the strength of his natural capacity, and intense application to study, after his conversion, soon recovered to him what he had lost, with vast increase.

From the time of his first deep concern about the business of his salvation, he read, as has been intimated, the Word of God with unwearied application ; and everything else only as it had some reference to the truths contained therein : and this practice he continued with increasing diligence and delight, till sickness wholly disqualified him for all study ; and to such a degree of eminence did he arrive therein that I believe it may be said with truth he was scarce ever a moment waking, wherein he was not either talking

of, reading, or meditating on one truth or other contained in holy Scripture.

At first he read the English Bible chiefly; but his endeavours for the good of many of his ignorant countrymen induced him to read, and get well acquainted with, the New Testament in Irish likewise. His penetrating genius, however, bent upon the best matters, and desirous to enter into the depth of divine truth, led him, by all means, to search into the true ground and bottom of things. He considered that to work profitably in the conversion of souls, some parts were required which were wanting in him; and that in the present state of things, without the foundation of some human learning, little could be solidly performed.

He set himself therefore to understand the Scriptures, both of the Old Testament and the New, in their original Hebrew and Greek; the former, indeed, had his chief, though not his first regard. It was not till after he had acquired some tolerable knowledge of the Greek Testament that he entered upon the study of Hebrew. This was at London, about December, 1755. He agreed with a Jew to instruct him, at the rate of a shilling an hour. A few lessons served all the ends he needed (having known the letters before); and being fully initiated into the genius of the language, he soon became swallowed up in it, so to speak, making it ever after the chief subject of his studies, in respect of human learning.[1]

[1] Wesley says in one of his sermons: 'I knew a young man who was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, that if he was

The matter of the study so endeared the language to him that he proceeded therein with an almost incredible swiftness of improvement. He ascribed it to a special assistance from heaven that the very study of the tongue, independently considered, became so easy and pleasant as he found it. And I have heard him mention this very particular, as an argument (at least to himself) of the regard of Heaven to this first, most simple, and excellent of languages; in assisting those who, with upright minds, inquire into it after the mind of God. And to this purpose he writes as follows:

'*December* 20, 1756.—I spent the forenoon in my studies, in which God has and does greatly assist me. About this time twelve-month I could not read a sentence of Hebrew with any certainty, or construe a verse with readiness. But now I can read my Bible through, and understand it almost as well as Latin or English. This hath God done, enabling me to read His blessed Word in the first and best of languages. Oh may all my studies and talents be devoted to His glory!'

His application was indeed prodigious. I have known him (strange as it may seem) to spend fourteen hours of the four-and-twenty in this study, excepting only the intervals of prayer, which he frequently poured out for His blessing whose inspiration alone teacheth man true wisdom.

questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New, Testament, he would tell, after a little pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place. His name was Thomas Walsh. Such a master of biblic knowledge I never saw before, and never expect to see again.'—*Wesley's Works*, vii. 54.

He often intermixed a verse of praise or petition; and then, turning his face to the wall, and lifting up his heart and countenance to heaven, with his arms clasped about his breast, he would stand for some time before the Lord in solemn recollection, and then return to his work.

It was a rare thing ever to see him but with a book in his hand, hearing him speak of the things of God, or in meditation. When, in travelling, he at any time stopped at an inn, as soon as he was shown to his chamber, to stay whether for an hour or a night, he would, as though he forgot where he was, or what he came about, take out his little Hebrew Psalter (which was a peculiarly favourite travelling companion of his), or some other spiritual book, and fall immediately to his usual work; unless the time was otherwise taken up in exhorting the landlord or servants, or, in short, any he met with. Accommodations for his body were his smallest care; and his attention to these was always, as it were, by the by. He, like the tortoise, had his house always with him, and seemed everywhere, and yet nowhere, at home in this world. He pursued his work wellnigh equally at all times and in all places, unless when sickness prevented, and seemed ('as the earth produceth fruit of itself') spontaneously to tend to God. Even after preaching sometimes near an hour and a half together, he has immediately resumed his studies (having books always with him), and this often where several persons have been talking or otherwise employed, as their occasions required, round about him; he still

pursuing his work as though he were retired in a closet; proceeding on the sentiment that he had no other business in this world than to pray, and preach, and study, and live, in every place, and in everything, for God!

Although his study may be considered almost as a continual prayer, being managed in this manner, and being in its nature and design wholly referred to God, nevertheless it must be acknowledged that the frequency of his stated times of prayer was, at first especially, much interrupted thereby; but he followed, for the most part, the light which he then had; and, intending all his acquirements for the glory of God, in the interest of souls, he thought he might, in such a case, and on some occasions (as one expresses it), 'leave God for God.'

He was not, however, without frequent jealousies over himself, fearing lest his so intense application, even to this kind of employment, should in any wise divert his heart from what he most prized, and most ardently desired, namely, close attention to Jesus. After a while, therefore, having mastered the main difficulties in his work, his application became much more moderate, and uniformly regular.

One day he writes as follows: 'I was all day closely employed at study. But I fear I love my books too much. It is true, my studies relate to the Word of God; but I often find my mind carried out in desire after languages, arts, and sciences; yet I see the vanity of everything when separate from God. To be sure, I prize the knowledge of

Christ crucified above all other knowledge: to imitate His wisdom, goodness, meekness, patience, and love. Alas! what are Hebrew, Greek, Latin, logic, metaphysics, everything, to this? What is anything to the love of Jesus? Oh that sweet peace of conscience, and contentment of mind, which arise from redemption in His blood! O Lord, Thou knowest that I desire to be great in Thy grace; to be armed with Thy armour. My soul longs to rise above these little, transitory things. I fain would rest in Thee; I thirst for the divine life. I pray for the spirit of illumination. I cast my soul upon Jesus Christ, the God of glory, and Redeemer of the world. I desire to be conformable unto Him; His friend, servant, disciple, and sacrifice! Come now, my Jesus! see the longings of my soul, and finish the work there.'

From hence may be gathered both what was the spirit of the man, and the tendency of his studies. He desired to know; but it was God, and the things of God, which he proposed to himself as the sole matter of his knowledge. For although he read occasionally both logic and metaphysics, history and natural philosophy, yet it was all with reference to his one grand point. Whatever treasures he gathered he reduced and made all his attainments subservient to the Word of God, and acquaintance with Jesus, as his central point of everything.

He found, towards the conclusion of his studies in particular, that more true wisdom is obtained from God, by prayer and holy meditation in one hour, than from the application of years to folio

volumes; and therefore esteemed one single sentiment gained in this manner of more value than a thousand speculations acquired by mere dint of study, in the way of human science. He perceived well the difference which there is between studying barely to instruct others (which, in its place, is also right and necessary), and studying to perfect one's self: the former not necessarily implying any more than becoming humanly wiser; whereas the latter tends to make us better, because more holy, and produces that purity and disengagement which are absolutely necessary to receive the true light of the Holy Spirit.

His settled manner now was to assign the morning wholly to the reading, first, a chapter out of the Old Testament, and frequently some of the Psalms in Hebrew. Then he read and digested some part of his Greek Testament. His manner of doing this took him up great part of the forenoon; and afterwards he read, wrote, or was otherwise employed, as occasions directed. He frequently had some persons to visit him for instruction in some point of learning, chiefly in Hebrew. Two or three young men of Cambridge, at different times, being in town, and knowing him, chose to be initiated by him in the Hebrew tongue. He was constantly as communicative as receptive of instruction, withholding nothing from any one that he thought might be useful to them.

He read the Scriptures in order; beginning a book, and going through with it regularly; fixing at the same time, upon such parts as had most

immediate reference to the doctrines and precepts of the gospel state of things; which he not only read most frequently, but likewise committed to memory. And the degree of perfection to which he arrived in this particular was really surprising. His acquaintance with the letter of Scripture, and his retentive memory, supplied him as with a constant Concordance. And it may be questioned whether there was a remarkable passage, historical, doctrinal, or preceptive, from Genesis to the Revelation, which he could not, on the bare mention of it, turn to immediately.

'Thy Word,' says he, 'O Lord, I have taken for mine inheritance for ever. It is the joy of my heart, and of more value to me than millions of worlds. O God, give me understanding, that I may keep Thy law! But let my whole dependence be on Jesu's merits. He is my Advocate. Only by faith in Him I stand. He is my sure refuge and portion in the land of the living!'

Being at sea one time, and the weather becoming extremely tempestuous, the mariners were apprehensive of certain death. He, in like manner, expected the same, and put into his bosom, with all safety, a small Bible which he had with him, resolving that what he so loved in life should not be parted from him even in death. Such was his love to, and singular esteem for, the Word of God. It was from this fountain he derived his ideas, sentiments, and expressions, on all occasions; explaining doctrines, enforcing duties, and resolving difficulties, wellnigh altogether in Scripture words. The 'spirit of wisdom' so rested

upon him that there was nothing of a divine nature which occurred to his own mind, or was proposed to him by others, respecting doctrines, experience, or practice, of which he could not speak with convincing clearness and satisfaction.

He had a singular faculty for throwing light upon doubtful cases ; and it was not unusual with him, by two or three words speaking, sometimes to set right, and entirely quiet, the minds of persons perplexed before about points of doctrine or experience. A most remarkable instance of this I remember to have known in Ireland : A person who was greatly embarrassed in his mind concerning a point in religion which appeared to him of great importance, and who had received no satisfaction from all his former researches on this head, came to Mr. Walsh, and related the matter to him ; which having heard, he only asked one question, requiring the person to answer. And whether it was that God just then shone upon the man's soul, and by His immediate light solved the difficulty ; or whether it was through mere rational conviction, resulting from the arguments implied in his question, I know not ; but he was instantly satisfied, and, being convinced of his former mistake, had no further uneasiness on the head.

His insight into the invisible world so realized to him things to come that he spake of them as one who both heard and saw them. And they had their proportionable influence on the whole of his behaviour. He acted as in the immediate presence of God ; and thus went on, reading and

meditating day and night in the law of his God, and devouring, like another Ezekiel, the whole divine volume.

At first his sermons consisted chiefly of a number of well-chosen texts of Scripture, suited to the particular subject on which he treated; and which he, for the most part, cited, with both the chapter and verse. He had in this manner formed, as it were, a body of divinity in his head, which was a kind of storehouse of his sermons. Time and experience, however, brought him off from the custom of so particularly citing the places of the Scriptures he made use of; unless in new and public places (as fields and market-houses, &c., where he often published the joyful tidings), and where he judged it singularly useful both for the conviction and satisfaction of the hearers.

A constant course of reading, much conversation with the children of God, and the deep acquaintance with a life of faith, meditation, and prayer gave him with God, and with the motions of his own soul, greatly extended his views into divine things in general, and furnished him with variety of subjects for the edification and comfort of the church of God; so that in the last two or three years of his course, his sermons had in them a depth and solidity far beyond those of his former years.

The state of his own heart had much influence on the particular subjects of his sermons; as is surely the case with all to whom preaching is not

a mere business of course, but, on the contrary, an affair of the weightiest importance in the world, requiring the deepest attention and most circumspect walking in persons exercised therein. He knew that the words of an unfeeling heart are but mere empty sounds; and that although they might please for the present, they, however, rarely profit the hearers. And it was on this account that, attending constantly to the motions of his own soul, he hardly ever preached a sermon without conveying nearly the like sensations to others, whether of deep contrition of spirit, holy mourning, or spiritual joy, which he felt in his own soul.

'When,' says he, 'I am in heaviness, I am led to speak chiefly of trials; when lively and fervent, I am led to speak of the comforts of believers; and when I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I press upon others to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness. And hence I learn (1) How needful it is for a preacher to be in a right spirit himself, whenever he speaks to others; and (2) The wisdom of God, in so ordering that every soul might receive its portion of the milk of the word in due season.'

All his sermons might be truly said to be his own, from God. He stole not the word from his neighbour (Jer. xxiii. 30), nor catched at trivial incidents to furnish him with an hour's discourse. His heart was a treasury well furnished, insomuch that he was never at a loss for something in season. Even sometimes, when he has been so

necessarily taken up with other parts of his calling as not to have the least time for preparing to preach, but he has gone into the pulpit immediately, yet the pourings out of his feeling soul evinced themselves to waiting hearts to be of God.

There was nothing whining, light, or trivial in his discourses; nothing put on; nothing that could excite an air of levity, much less laughter; but rather, and which was commonly the case, groans, and tears, and cries. His sermons had in them such a depth of divine truth, confirmed by the Word of God, with such a greatness and majesty, as begot in the hearers an awe and reverence which removed far away all petulancy and thoughtless irreverence of spirit; and produced, in many, a solemnity and attention of soul becoming those who hear discourses for life and death eternal; to all of which his grave and mortified countenance contributed not a little. In short, his whole behaviour in the pulpit was such as became a messenger of God, put in trust with the ministry of reconciliation.

His discourses were of a general nature, suited to give a portion to every one as their need required: milk for babes, and for stronger men stronger meat; though still they had this one main tendency with regard to all—to excite people's hearts to the pure love of God. And, although he preached 'faith in Christ' as the only way of obtaining all the good things of grace and glory, yet he did it in such a manner as effectually to guard it against the abuse of

libertines, who turn the freeness of the grace of God into an occasion of wantonness.

When he first began to preach, his chief talent seemed to be for quickening such as were dead in trespasses and sins; to terrify careless sinners with the dread of God's judgements, alarming them, as it were, at their peril, to flee from the wrath to come. His courage and resolution in this were such as are rarely to be found. He judged that there was nothing more likely to pull down the strongholds of Satan, than to lay the axe at the root of sin; and in all his sermons, he ever used to discover its filthy and detestable nature, pressing upon the conscience an entire purgation from dead works. And he did it in such a manner as often pierced the very joints and marrow of his hearers.

It was easy to discover in him likewise the utmost impartiality. Knowing that he was to deliver his Lord's message, he spared no man from any human or interested regards; but boldly detecting their sin, commended himself to every man's conscience in the 'sight of God.'

And yet his utmost zeal was tempered with wisdom and discretion; for notwithstanding his pressing vehemently upon the conscience of his hearers, in all his sermons, yet (although some were sometimes offended, charging him with binding heavy burdens, and the like) they were never able to resist the authority by which he spake.

But it was not as a Boanerges, a son of thunder, only, that he excelled. His own happy experience

of the forgiving, healing, and comforting virtue of the blood of Jesus, together with his mighty acquaintance with the promises of life in Him, fitted him for administering comfort, and much encouragement, to the weary and heavy-laden with sin. To such he was, in truth, 'a son of consolation'; his lips dropped sweetness to them, as the honeycomb.

It was scarcely possible for the most obdurate, icy, and rocky heart to remain long so under his moving and authoritative discourses, laid home to the conscience by the sword of the Spirit, which, like the flaming sword in Paradise, he turned every way, to every heart. And, accordingly, it was a very rare thing for him ever to preach a sermon without sending some away either brokenhearted, rejoicing in God, or increased, more or less, in the knowledge of the Crucified.

Towards the latter part of his progress, the two last years of his life especially, the whole bent of his soul, his reading, meditations, prayer, conversation, and preaching, tended altogether to 'the deep things of God' (1 Cor. ii. 10), the so perfectly loving Him, with all the capacity of the soul and body, as the state of humanity can possibly admit. The entire salvation of God from all sin to all the mind that was in Christ Jesus was now his constant and most beloved theme, both in public and private. And he omitted nothing which might either inform his judgement, or affect his own or the hearts of others, in reference to this most interesting concern of the children of God.

His thoughts on this head became, therefore, thoroughly digested ; so that there was hardly an objection which either Satan, men, or the heart of unbelief could bring against it for which he had not a convincing answer. His own heart-acquaintance therewith will be seen from a subsequent account of his experience. The light which he had into the nature, and his fervent manner of enforcing the worth and necessity, of Christian holiness, was one great means of enkindling in the hearts of many that fire (Luke xii. 49) of pure love to God and man which has, since his death, likewise increased more abundantly, and still burns (oh may it ever burn !) amongst us, to the greater glory of God. Only such as were experimental witnesses of it, having a true relish for things of so high a nature, can rightly conceive of the abilities with which God endowed him for this part of his work.

In all his discourses on the subject, he, as much as may be, carefully avoided his own words, both in explaining and enforcing its nature, extent, and the means of attaining thereto. He did it in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth, explaining those spiritual things with spiritual words (1 Cor. ii. 13) ; while, in the meantime, his fervent and affecting manner of urging them, and indeed every other part of the doctrine of salvation, commanded

> Audience and attention still as night,
> Or summer's noon-tide air.[1]

He had not, it must be acknowledged, at least

[1] *Paradise Lost*, ii. 308–9.

he made but little use of, the art of preaching; not, indeed, that he was ignorant of such rules as orators lay down for ordering and conducting of public discourses. His knowledge both of logic and rhetoric was far from being inconsiderable. He both read, and in some good degree digested, the principles of both. But the eagerness with which he undertook and proceeded in his work; and the rapid flow of his soul, sending forth its 'good matter,' not like the distilling of a water-pot, but as a plentiful shower from the heavens, watering deep and wide all around, did not suffer him to attend with exactness to such niceties in composition or delivery; nay, even prevented that moderation as to the length and manner of delivering his discourses which would have been much more easy to himself and to his audience, many of whom were often in pain for him.

Though afterwards, when the repeated advice of his friends, and the necessity of his constitution, obliged him to a more slow and deliberate manner, some ascribed it to (what they called) his 'want of power'; the loss of what he once had: such is the folly and weakness of many, in their sentiments with regard to this particular.

His sermons were seldom less than an hour long; and yet had in them such an agreeable variety, judicious explanation of Scripture, and affecting energy, that they were rarely, if ever, tedious, unless to such as wanted a savour for the things of God. He was always, at the conclusion, in a bath of sweat. And, the place of preaching being often at some distance from his lodging, his

suddenly growing cold again was one reason of the frequency of the fevers which he had from time to time during his whole life of public labour.

He often resolved, before he began to preach, to restrain the rapidity of his spirit; but in vain: 'the sword,' as he once said to me, when speaking to him on the head, 'being too keen for the scabbard.' The fervour of his soul broke through all resolutions, rejoicing to spend and to be spent for the Lord Jesus; but wasting, at the same time, and cutting away the very springs of his animal life, which although at the time he had no apprehension of, yet he felt it immediately afterwards.

With regard to the manner of his preparing for sermons, he seemed to keep between the two extremes of an enthusiastic disregard to, or neglect of, all actual previous preparation on the one hand, and a merely dry scholastic composition of exact materials on the other. To have no regard to the matter and manner of his discourses beforehand, under the pretence of dependence upon Heaven for immediate influence and utterance, he judged to be rank enthusiasm, and often a cloak for a lazy, lounging, indolence of spirit; on account of which, nonsense has been too often dignified with the sacred names of inspiration and power. And yet, on the other hand, he judged it nearly if not alike culpable to seek after and trust to mere dry human skill, in fixing upon heads, and taking such measures, as to preach often only one's self, independent, as it were, of the quickening, enlightening presence

of the Holy Ghost, without which all preaching and all hearing are equally vain. He prayed and studied, and studied and prayed again, going always (unless necessity prevented) from his closet, and off his knees, into the pulpit. But when he came there, he gave himself up wholly into the hands of God, to be actuated and used by Him, in all respects, as might be most for His glory. And it was glorious and wonderful to see the good effects which were produced at those times, by the words of God flowing from his lips and entering into the heart; without, indeed, the ornaments of studied eloquence, but in their native majesty and simplicity; such as they are in themselves, and as he himself relished them. One circumstance relating to his manner was, that he almost always began, and in general concluded, his sermons with a text of Scripture; but so judiciously chosen, as seldom failed to touch the heart, and frequently to cast light on the whole subject.

It was far from satisfying him that his sermons had in them sufficient demonstration. But still retaining in mind what is the true end of preaching, namely, the bringing souls acquainted with, and building them up in, God, he rated his sermons accordingly; and, for the more effectual promotion of this, he studied to be well acquainted with all the motions and sentiments of the human heart, pointing his discourses there continually; laying hold, as it were, of its very inmost thoughts, and with the sinner's own weapons slaying the enemies of his salvation. He applied to the

conscience at every turn; and, after having at any time demonstrated a peculiarly interesting truth, of a general nature, he always took care to make it a personal thing by questioning the heart of every one concerning their part therein. He frequently introduced, by way of comparison, many of the incidental occurrences in life, things respecting callings, families, and a thousand little matters, by which the great concerns of the soul and another world entered more deeply and sensibly into the minds of the common people. I have heard a woman of known integrity say that intending one evening to have his judgement, after preaching, on several particulars which were a weight to her mind, he so anticipated every objection, and answered them in the sermon, that she, entirely satisfied, needed no further inquiry.

It was very usual with him in his sermons to propose and answer divers cases of conscience; which was often an inexpressible satisfaction to many. In describing vices (for which he was eminently remarkable), he did not so much dwell upon the vice itself abstractedly, as he showed the persons to themselves who were guilty thereof; and represented the unavoidable danger of such as lived and died therein. It was not so much 'pride, envy, anger, lust, drunkenness, swearing,' and the like, which he painted in their deformed and detestable nature (though he did this also); but his drift at such times was, to describe the proud, the envious, the angry, and the lustful man; to alarm the drunkard, and the swearer,

&c., as with the voice of thunder, to escape for their lives.

His whole life being one series of holy living and mental improvement, preserved his heart like an ever fresh and overflowing fountain, which on every occasion poured forth its fruitful streams of holy doctrine and persuasive exhortation. It was easy enough to discern that he felt the things he delivered. He gave himself wholly to this one thing; and, which was the crowning glory of all, was himself a pattern of the truths he taught.

His original constitution was strong, and his make and stature such as, humanly speaking, indicated health and long life. He seemed free from those incumbrances of constitution which some have to struggle with wellnigh all their days. But if his bones had been brass and his flesh iron, they must have yielded to the violence which his life and labours offered to his constitution. He enjoyed good health till about the nineteenth year of his age, which was the year of his conversion to God. But from the twentieth to the twenty-eighth, which was the last year of his sojourning among men, his life may be said to be no other than a lingering death; as he never was a whole day free from pain or weakness.

A slow fever, and pain at his stomach, were, for the most part, his companions both by day and night. He could in this respect say, literally: 'I die daily. I bear in my body the dying of the Lord Jesus.' For this his daily martyrdom was brought upon him, and cheerfully endured,

wholly for His name's sake. The manner of his preaching, intense study, little rest, and frequent outward fatigues, broke the very frame of his nature, and brought him, in a short time to such a habit of body as medicines were never after able to remove. An eminent physician once said to him, 'Mr. Walsh, I would not use my horse as you use your body.' The burning fervour of his spirit in the cause of God, and the deep concern which he continually felt for the salvation of sinners, prevailed over all that either prudence could dictate, or friends and enemies persuade or threaten.

'It is,' as he once expressed it (speaking of his illness), 'in the work of God, in the cause of Christ! Therefore I rejoice; for I count not my life dear to myself, if I may but glorify my Lord God and only Master Jesus Christ.' It is really surprising that, considering his weakness and habitual disorders, he could possibly go through such daily and nightly labours as he did; nor can it be accounted for otherwise, than that the strength of God was made perfect in his weakness. 'Sometimes,' says he, 'when I begin the labour of love, I am hardly able either to walk or speak; but after I have laboured a while, I find new strength, and am even better than when I began!'

As to the use which he always made of his illnesses, it will be best and most satisfactorily gathered from his own words, in which, for the most part, the following accounts and reflections are given. They are related in the order of time in which they occurred.

'*Tuesday, Jan.* 18, 1751.—I preached on Matt. v. 3, but could not finish, being seized with an ague. Immediately I went to bed. I could rest in the will of God, being persuaded it was for the better. True it is, that afflictions are not joyous, but grievous, while they last, though afterwards they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. How great, O my God, are Thy goodness and tender mercies towards me! If I had a thousand tongues, I could not praise my God as He deserves. He remembers me in the time of my trouble, and leaves not my soul comfortless. Lord, there is nothing good in me, that Thou shouldest regard and so remember me. All is of Thy free grace and undeserved mercy. Oh the ravishing joy that seizes my heart, in meditating on the dying love of my Saviour! It raises me above all human things, and carries my soul deep into the mysteries of godliness.'

Yet two things he then especially remarked:

(1) How sad an affair it is to leave the work of salvation to a time of sickness! 'Experience,' says he, 'has strongly taught me that if my peace was not made before such an affliction' (referring to a violent fever, after which he wrote these words) 'as this was, it would never have been made: rather distraction, and almost madness, would take up the time; and not repentance. Look, O Jesus, upon those who are putting the evil day afar off!'

(2) That before each of his illnesses, he had had remarkable displays of the divine goodness toward him. Thus he says, 'I cannot but

remark the exceeding goodness of God; for before my illnesses, for some years past, He always gives me a clear manifestation of His love.'

The following account of himself was after a fever, which lasted nine-and-twenty days, at a place called Tyrrell's Pass, in Ireland:

'(1) I had no joy for twenty days. The severity of my sickness and pain pressed down my soul. Neither divine light nor love shone into my heart; yet I prayed often with freedom and fervour.

'(2) I had no strong temptations, no fear of death or hell; neither had I any desire to die. On the thirteenth day I had an assurance that I should not die in Tyrrell's Pass. My greatest uneasiness arose from the place where I lay, which was a narrow room, with a shop adjoining, where was hurry and noise almost continually. This circumstance, through the evil of my heart, often became a temptation to impatience. But I cried unto the Lord, and He made everything more easy to me every day.

'(3) About the twentieth day, my soul and body much revived. I could, after a night of heaviness and affliction, rejoice in God. I experienced much of the love of Christ. But yet I felt the "old man." Alas, what an evil heart have I! How hard is it to humble me, and wean my desires from earth! Lord, Thou knowest my heart and reins. And is it not my desire to love Thee with all my soul, and serve Thee with all my strength?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!

'(4) On the twenty-sixth day, early in the morning, the gracious Lord replenished my soul with His love. He poured out His Spirit upon me. The intercourse was open between heaven and my soul. I loved, and could pray for, all the world, as for myself, Oh how does Christ enlarge the heart! What flames of divine charity does He kindle there! The twenty-seventh day I had such a sense of the mercy of God as quite overcame my soul. In the evening, however, I felt a severe struggle: but the blessed Spirit soon delivered and set my heart at liberty.

'Lord, since it hath pleased Thee to spare me a little longer, make my life useful. Let me be wholly given up to Thee and Thy service, that I may glorify Thee in all things, through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen.'

Times of sickness are, likewise, often times of trial and sore temptation. And so this servant of God found it, in a measure, with respect to both the one and the other; the blessings and the trials of sickness. What follows may be considered as an instance:

'*Limerick, October* 28, 1755.—I was seized with a fever, which confined me to my room till Friday, November 7, and shall remark the following particulars:

'(1) I examined myself what might be the cause of this illness, but could not discern

anything in particular. I saw, indeed, that many of my tempers, words, and actions were not truly holy. I was ashamed of my best performances. I saw my best living as a mere blot ; yet the guilt of no particular sin lay upon my conscience.

' (2) I was more subject to temptation in this sickness than usual : not indeed to think hard of God, or repine at my illness ; but I had spiritual conflicts, wrestlings against " principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places." The third day, which was Thursday, October 30, I had the sorest conflict that ever I felt. I was suddenly seized in body, and amazed in mind. I thought every moment would have been my last. I had a vehement thirst. My tongue was dry and turgid, and my soul was in agony. I was overwhelmed with fear, sorrow, and sore afflictions.

' All the sins of my life passed before me, but especially those which were since I had been enlightened, and since I preached the gospel. I saw and felt myself hell-deserving ; that I was nothing, and could do no good work before God. I was really poor, in such a manner and degree as never felt before. I was stripped, humbled, emptied, laid open, confounded, and afraid of God's judgement ; though not afraid of the devil or hell. Nay, I all the while knew I had redemption in the blood of Jesus, and that all my sins were forgiven. Who can understand? Only such as have felt the same.

' (3) In the midst of my troubles, I had liberty

in prayer. My understanding and memory remained with me, and abundance of spiritual matter was suggested to my mind. Even passages of Scripture that I never used before were brought to me in prayer. I was alarmed in every part, and cried mightily to God. I cried to all about me to pray for me. Surely they saw the bitterness of my soul. God remembered them for good who then sympathized with me in my trouble!

'(4) It left me gradually, and without any sensible joy. Peace and confidence arose by degrees in my spirit. The very extremity of the combat lasted about a quarter of an hour. It just then occurred to me that some days before I heard Jesus, as it were, speak, and say to me, "Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith may not fail." And now I fully understood it. In so many instances are those words of our Lord true, "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

'(5) I felt (and might it not be the design of God in the whole?) that the name of Jesus alone could avail to bring me to God. I had such a deep sense of this as I never had before. I had, besides, extraordinary evidence of the eternal power and Godhead of Christ Jesus. In all my illnesses this truth has been wonderfully revealed to me, both by the external evidence of holy writ, and the internal evidence of the Holy Spirit. None of the prayers which I made use of so foiled and drove away Satan as "Jesus, Son of the living

God, have mercy upon me, and save me from this hour." Likewise the fifty-third of Isaiah, the twenty-third of Jeremiah, and the sixteenth of St. Matthew, with much of the Revelation, came into my mind: and my prayers were made up chiefly of passages from these places. I cried out, when I thought I should speak no more, and said, " Lord, I have trusted in Thee, and I believe Thou wilt raise me up at the last day."

' I had, at the same time, most earnest desires to be made holy. I saw more clearly than ever the nature and necessity of perfect love; and was fully persuaded of the necessity of preaching Christian perfection, and declaring that all is of grace.

' (6) For four or five days after it was over, I had much of the presence of God and of Christ, many Scripture truths revealed to me, and strong assurances that God would spare me a little longer to preach His gospel to the ignorant and them that are out of the way, and to help forward the faith of His children.

' I write this account, November 8, 1755, being pretty free from bodily pain; at peace with God and all mankind; desirous, and determined, to live wholly to the glory of God; to be a servant of all, giving my life, time, and strength, with every other talent entrusted to me, to God, and the church, which my dear Jesus purchased with His blood. To Him, with the Almighty Father, and eternal Spirit, be ascribed the kingdom, power, and glory, לעולם ועד for ever, and to eternity.'

The very day on which he wrote these reflections,

and the first of his going out after this illness, it being a day appointed for fasting and prayer to avert the judgement of God, which seemed impending over these nations, he was taken in a chair to the preaching-house, and preached for a full hour, having (as he expresses it) 'a deep sense of the majesty of God, and joyful confidence that He would defend the real Israelites from the impending evil.'

The frequent experience which he had of remarkable escapes from confinement, by disorders which threatened him with a sudden removal hence, and these in times of preaching especially, made it a frequent and felt expression with him, 'When I am weak, then I am strong.'

'When one knows,' says he, on another of these occasions, 'that God is for him, that he has redemption in the blood of Christ, then, whether he be rich or poor, in sickness or in health, he is happy, and can rejoice. Have I recovered my strength? and am I freely forgiven my former trespasses? Does the Spirit of God dwell in my heart? and can I, by faith, behold a reconciled God, and an interceding Saviour at His right hand? Well, then, welcome sickness, contempt, poverty, and death. If I meet with worldly troubles, it is to make my crown the brighter. If I bear the cross, I shall wear the crown. Is my body cold? I am warmed with the flames of sacred love. Naked? I have a covering of wrought gold, the righteousness of my Saviour. Hungry? I have meat to eat the world knoweth not of: "the hidden manna, and the bread of

life." Let me suffer then with Christ. Men may kill my body; but it would only send me the sooner to heaven.'

The following instance, and which is the last I shall mention on this head, is the rather inserted because in it may be seen a true picture of the man, from the feeling, free pourings out of his own heart. It was at Bristol, after recovering from a dangerous fever.

'For three days last past I had much converse with God, and vehement desires to live wholly to His glory. I have inquired into the reason of my affliction; and think God did it to humble me, that I should not be puffed up with the praises of the people. They cannot indeed too much admire the truths of God, nor be too thankful to Him for them. But the danger was lest I should think myself somebody. Yet I cannot lay to my own charge the desire of applause, neither did I find it lift me up: on the contrary, it often made me ashamed, knowing my own vileness, and how little I either suffered or did for God.

'And truly I was never more sensible of my unprofitableness than I am at this hour. I blush to see and hear how others live and have lived and at how low a rate I yet live. But above all, when I consider the life of the holy Jesus, oh how far short do I come! I am not entirely dead to myself. I am not altogether free from affection to creatures. I cannot rejoice equally to suffer, as to be comforted. I speak words I ought not. I spend some minutes unprofitably. In short, I do not love God or my neighbour as I ought.

'Oh, was it not for free grace, and the blood of sprinkling, where should I appear? But Thou knowest my desire, or rather the desire of Thy Spirit within me. Thou knowest that there has never been a saint upon earth whom I do not desire to resemble, in doing and suffering Thy whole will. I would walk with Thee, my God, as Enoch did. I would follow Thee to a land unknown, as Abraham did. I would renounce all for Thee, as did Moses and Paul. I would, as did Stephen, seal Thy truth with my blood.

'Is not this the desire of my soul, O my Saviour? Oh give me power; give grace and constancy. For unless Thou helpest, all my longings and praying will prove fruitless. But if Thou waterest these plants of Thine own right-hand's planting, this grain shall become a great tree, and my soul shall be swallowed up in Thee, my Lord God!

'Jesus was my comfort and my joy, my life and my strength. Oh if I had not Jesus for my help, I should be miserable. But since I have Thee, my Lord, I am therefore happy in these my afflictions. The lovely smiles of Thy countenance, which shine with glory, revive and raise me. O divine love! What hast Thou done for me, a poor sinner? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

'Oh that my soul was loosened from this body, that I might ascend the holy hill of the Lord! My Jesus, when shall I behold Thee face to face? Oh that this separate wall was broken down, this partition was but taken away, and that I could

even now enter into the celestial courts, there to sing everlasting Hallelujahs to my Lord God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.'

'It is a great thing' (as he once observed) 'to be acquainted with the invisible world. God is always present; but our eyes are closed, and our hearts hardened, till Christ, the true light and life of men, is revealed within us: then, and not before, we have access to the Father; and the Holy Ghost leads us into the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.'

Concerning the variety of inward exercises and conflicts which he went through, from first to last, he often took notice that they were greatest on the Lord's day; and says on the occasion, 'Lord, I am more afflicted on Thy day than on any other: Thou knowest the cause. If it be the enemy that afflicts me, do Thou rebuke him: let him have no power over my body or soul. And oh give me Thy meek and long-suffering mind, to bear whatsoever burden Thou permittest to come upon me.'

He observes likewise, 'When I have most life and power in preaching, then the devil and sin muster all their force, and thrust sore at me. But hitherto God has preserved me, both from the great offence, and from misery and dejection.'

The instances of the resistance he found in the time of preaching from invisible powers, permitted of God to exercise him then, were highly remarkable; and are, perhaps, best accounted for in 2 Cor. xii. 7. He has sometimes started in amaze at horrible injections concerning God or

Christ, or some fundamental article of the Christian religion; even then, while he has been powerfully asserting, proving, and enforcing it. I have often heard him say, in effect, that there was not a single divine truth, in the which he was then established, for which he had not fought, resisting as it were unto blood. For he would have nothing upon trust; nor see with the eyes of others. He derived his sentiments from the fountain-head. His best things came from God, in the way of labour and striving.

He has been sometimes deprived of the use of some of his senses during the very time of preaching. Once in particular, May, 1751, in the midst of his discourse, he, in an instant, lost his eyesight, and fell back in the pulpit, yet retaining, during the whole time, the perfect use of his understanding: he, however, soon recovered, and finished his sermon. He believed, and was not confounded.

'I know the devil hates me,' was a frequent saying with him on these occasions: and often, when he has been disturbed in the silence of the night, in ways more than natural, and well knowing the cause, he has, with much confidence, in the name of Jesus, commanded the adversary to be gone, and found it always according to his faith.

Riding one day with a friend, and talking, as he was wont, of the goodness of God, and of the confidence which he found in Him, that He would preserve him unto everlasting life—'Just then,' says he, 'my horse, on a plain place, threw me

over his head. As I came to the ground, it was, as it were, sounded in my ears, "Will you trust God now?" "Yes," I said, "for ever!" Through the mercy of the Lord I was not hurt. I saw an enemy had done it. I was thankful, and felt no contrary emotion in my heart!'

One particular, which ought perhaps to be reduced to this head, and which to some, no doubt, will appear singular, was a frequent, painful, and wellnigh distressing apprehension which he sometimes had of dying. The thought of dissolution had always in it something terrible to his nature. And what renders it the more observable is, that it was so even at those times when he could truly triumph in Christ, knowing in whom he had believed, and that He should be with Him for ever. Of this we have the following account from himself:

'*Saturday, December* 1, 1753.—After preaching, I studied closely till ten. I found infinite sweetness in God; and much power breathed into my soul after all "the mind of Christ." At present I am tempted chiefly with the fear of death. I believe my pardon is sealed by the blood of the covenant. I have no fear of hell; and yet I am sorely apprehensive of death.' Again:

'*Monday*, 22.—I was this day, as I have been frequently of late, much perplexed at the thought of dying. I believe my Redeemer liveth, and that I have an interest in His blood; and yet, notwithstanding, I am sore amazed at the thought of dissolution.'

The uncomfortable apprehensions which he sometimes felt, even till near his end, in regard of dying, must needs be ascribed, chiefly, to the permission of God to Satan to exercise him in this manner; and may be considered as a 'thorn in his flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him.'

He studied deeply the nature of the Christian warfare, and was well practised in the use of its weapons. His thoughts on 'the whole armour of God'[1] were the genuine result of his own experience. The combats which he met with needed not less than the whole; and he both tried and proved that every part thereof is indeed effectual. Something very different from the preceding particulars he relates as follows:

'*Friday, August* 2, 1750.—I talked with one to-day who was sorely tempted (how mysterious!) to kill me; and for no other reason than because she was awakened under my preaching to feel herself a poor lost sinner.' Again:

'*September* 16.—After preaching, a young woman came to me, and said that some time before she had brought a knife with her to preaching, intending to kill me; but was so terrified under the last prayer that she durst not attempt it. The devil suggested that if she did but take away my life, the burden which she felt through my preaching would immediately depart. And now, Satan,' adds he, 'if thou art not a liar and a murderer, let Christians, yea, heathens, and even thy companions in hell, judge. But, thou old serpent, dost thou not know that the God whom I

[1] There is a sermon of his printed under this title.

serve is able to deliver me? A hair of my head cannot perish without His knowledge and permission. Ah, Satan, the Lord rebuke thee!'

I shall conclude this chapter with a few other particulars relating to this head of trials, taken from his own words:

'This day I was sorely tempted. Satan threw many of his fiery darts at me. I never before felt such agony in resisting what are commonly called blasphemous thoughts. I cried unto the Lord, and He delivered me.'

'In the evening' (not of the same day), 'I was in great distress. My soul was much weighed down. I felt grievous horror in my spirit; and yet I was resolved, although the Lord should slay me, to trust in Him. In the very hour that I came to this resolution, my burden was removed, and the Lord gave me to rejoice in spirit.'

'This day (April, 1754) I had conversation with some Christian friends concerning temptations, and the general experience of the saints. And however Satan may be permitted to trouble their body or soul, I always believed that God doth not hide His face, unless to punish us for commission of sin or omission of duty. And the more I meditate upon this subject, the more abundantly I am confirmed in my judgement.'

'I had most severe temptations this day. Sore conflicts with the devil.' Again:

'*Thursday*, 21.—I had a most miserable night. Some time after I went to bed, I was sorely assaulted of the devil. I attempted to compose myself, but, alas! could not. I was suddenly

seized with a weakness and cold sweat. My heart failed me. My soul was afflicted; my spirit was grieved, and sore vexed. The eye of my faith was darkened; the sense of God's love departed; and the anger of the Lord seemed revealed towards me. I could see nothing but thick darkness, and hear nothing but thunderings from Sinai! It seemed to me as though there was a struggle between justice and mercy concerning me. But, although I was in such confusion and perplexity, I saw that mercy got the victory, and triumphed over judgement.

'My strength so failed me that it seemed as though I had not an hour to live. I rose, however, and dressed myself; but could scarcely pray one word. I cried, "Mercy, mercy, mercy!" I stretched myself upon the floor, and could weep only a few tears. I had gone through sore trouble and darkness before this time; but such a night as this I never had before. (And O my God, may I never see such another!) After being for some time on the floor, I got up, and walked a little about the room; and then threw myself upon my knees. Being a little revived, I went to bed again. During the little while I slept, I had before me the cause of my trouble. I soon got up; and my head was now as water, and my eyes a fountain of tears.

'My confidence returned, so that I could look up, and believe the Lord was mine. I went and preached on Zech. iv. 7: "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone

thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." And my soul was humbled unto the dust. My praying and preaching was from my very heart and soul. Let it be for ever remembered, to the honour and glory of the great God and my Saviour Christ, that I was not suffered to be long in this condition. In about half an hour I received some confidence, and in the morning my faith was increased.

'Let it be also remarked that the Scripture promises were of great comfort to me, particularly Hosea xiv.; 1 John ii. 2, 3. And likewise the words of our Lord to Peter, Luke xvii. 3, 4; for I was sure He would be a great deal more merciful than what He even required of Peter. Moreover, I opened my Bible on these words, Isa. lx. 19, 20, which were applied with power to my soul; as was also Job xi. 13–19. Glory, honour, praise, worship, and dominion be ascribed unto Thee, O Lord! Ye angels of God, bless Him on my behalf! Let all in heaven, and all in earth, join to worship the triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'

The following was some time after:

'*Tuesday*, 21.—I had a sorrowful morning. My soul was in heaviness through manifold temptations. The enemy came upon me in my sleep, and grieved my soul. Although I had joy at night, yet sorrow attended me in the morning. I had intended to have preached on the Beatitudes; but, finding myself full of troubles and temptations, I changed my purpose, and preached from Heb. iv. 14–16. O my God, must I perish?

Hast Thou brought me thus far, and shall I be cast off? Oh forbid it, Saviour! Forsake not the work of Thine own hands. Come, and destroy the works of the devil! My God, my God, do not forsake me! Thou knowest that sin is hateful to me. Have I not a love to righteousness? Do not my soul and flesh cry out for the living God? Am I not willing to go even through the fire rather than offend Thee? Why, then, should the enemy prevail against me?

'Jesus, hast Thou not bought my soul? Am not I Thine? Oh that my head were waters! Oh that I could even weep tears of blood! Lord God, let not Thy lovingkindness depart from me. Where art Thou, Jesus, Thou Son of God? My great High-Priest, where is Thy atoning blood? Where is He that was tempted in all points like unto me? Is there no help for me in my God? Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Oh that I could yield my last breath, if nothing else will end the strife! Oh the languishments of my soul for an absent God! How does my spirit faint within me! How do I pine! O Sun of righteousness, arise upon me with healing in Thy wings! Come, Lord Jesus, oh come, and save me for Thy mercy's sake! Where are the soundings of Thy bowels? Dost Thou not see my labouring breast? Is not my pain worse than even strangling? Return, O Lord; see my gasping, longing, aching heart. Am I not an object of pity? Have I not need of Thee? Now answer me by fire! Get Thyself the victory! I want the seal of Thy Spirit, the earnest of my heaven.'

The Lord did hear his prayer. I find it therefore added soon after: 'Oh how plentifully did the Lord pour His love and consolation into my soul! I am amazed at the goodness and long-suffering of God towards me. And I observe in general, that after great heaviness and conflicts, come extraordinary joy and consolation. Oh may I husband this precious gift of God!'

As to his communion with God, we are furnished with the most ample materials, both from the general tenor of his conversation, and from the memorials of himself contained in his diary. He truly lived for this one thing. All his actions and employments had this single tendency, and he considered everything else with reference thereto; making his estimate of the good or evil of every intention, action, exercise, and undertaking, according as it tended to promote or hinder this best of pursuits, and noblest enjoyment of the human soul. Without regarding the fondnesses and inclinations of nature, he embraced or rejected every occurrence and thing, with a view altogether to the promotion of the holy and happy fellowship of his soul with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.

This servant of God had his infirmities, properly so called, which often made him weep in secret places. And yet so powerfully did the grace of our Lord work in him to the destruction of sin; and to such a degree of victory did he attain over himself, the world, and Satan, that to many he seemed more than human; being, in truth, a

man of another world, in whom dwelt richly the Spirit of the living God.

To such as were witnesses of his fervent zeal, mighty prayer, steady seriousness, and habitual heavenly-mindedness, I shall not wonder if all that follows seems far short of a full description of him.

My first acquaintance with him began soon after the mercy of God had stirred me up to seek His face. From a studious regard to the holy Scriptures, it was soon given me to understand what manner of a person a Christian approved of God must be ; and thenceforward, I both read, conversed, and thought of little else. And in him I saw clearly what till then I had only conceived ; in him my conceptions were truly exemplified. Much had been reported both of the gifts and graces with which our Lord had enriched Mr. Walsh ; yet, with the utmost truth and soberness it is spoken, I found in him much more than I had either conceived or heard. Nor did the long intimacy with him, with which I was afterwards privileged, alter in the least my sentiments. There is much truth in the observation that it is dangerous to dip, in most men, below the surface, lest our curiosity should rob us of our good opinion of them. But it was not so with him. Rather, the more thoroughly he was known, the more one could not but admire him ; so powerfully did the grace of God work in his soul.

It might perhaps be thought tedious minutely to describe all the particular graces and special exercises which adorned his life. And, indeed,

to conceive of the excellences which appeared in him, they need not be attended to one by one; for neither so could they be fully comprehended. But he 'walked before God' in such a manner as abundantly included them all. He was a person of a surprising greatness of soul, for which the whole circumference of created good was far, far too little. He found in God

> That something still, which prompts th' eternal sigh,
> For which we bear to live, nor fear to die.

The love of Jesus filled up in his soul that mighty void this whole creation leaves in human hearts.

His exactness in all those particulars which comprise men's duty to God, their neighbour, and themselves, was such, and so well known, that it would be easy to swell this chapter, by enlarging on each of them, to an enormous size. But, passing over the greater part of them, I shall only point out a few particulars, relating chiefly to his internal state, and more secret carriage towards God, which were within my own certain notice; referring the reader for a larger and more satisfactory picture of him to the following collection from his diary, in which are represented those secret transactions of God upon his soul to which himself alone could be privy.

I. *His Prayer.*—From the earliest dawn of the grace of God in his soul, to which he attended, he was remarkable for constancy and importunity in prayer. Beside the daily, and often public, pouring out of his soul in general intercession,

and occasional addresses to God in behalf of needy souls (groaning under the guilt of sin or body of corruption, or whatever was the cause), who often came to him for that purpose, he had his own stated times for approaching God in secret; in which it was far from sufficing, barely to present himself and wait, whether in silence or in discourse, before the Lord. He accounted the work still to do unless he felt his spirit affected with sentiments suitable to his condition; whether of holy mourning, self-reprehension, recovery, or increase of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, or some establishment in faith, meekness, patience, hope, and love.

'Praying with all prayer' seemed the business of his life; for the doing of which he waited neither for postures, times, nor places. Prostrate upon his face, kneeling, standing, walking, eating, in every posture, and in every place and condition, he was a man mighty in prayer. In sleep itself, to my certain knowledge, his soul went on (Cant. v. 2) in groans, and sighs, and tears to God. His heart, having attained such a habit of tendency to its Lord, could then only give over when it ceased to beat. The enjoyment of the divine sweetness which God imparted to him in secret, and the nearness of access to the Divine Majesty with which he was favoured, were indeed amazing, and much better felt than can be expressed. He has been sometimes, as it were, lost in glorious absence, on his knees, with his face heavenward, and arms clasped round his breast, in such composure that scarcely could one hear him so much

as breathe. His soul seemed absorbed in God, and enjoyed a calmness and transport which can here be well enough reconciled. From the serenity, and something resembling splendour, which appeared on his countenance, and in all his gestures afterwards, one might easily discover what he had been about.

It was especially towards the conclusion of his Lord's work that he was favoured with such near fellowship with Him. He approached the throne of grace with much of the reverential boldness of faith, believing that whatever he asked, he should have the petitions he asked for ; the Holy Spirit making intercession in his heart according to the will of God. And to such a degree of confidence in Him did he arrive by this means that in the greatest straits of his life (and he met with some things which came home to him with the deepest sensibility) he was more than kept up, so that he seemed to fear nothing, even where, to all human apprehension, everything was to be feared. He so abandoned himself to God, in the discharge of his duty, that his very friends were sometimes ready to charge him with being a little rash or imprudent. Although he endeavoured to use his understanding, as far as ever it would go, yet, acting in view of 'those things which are not seen,' and from motives referring to eternity, he was not, it is true, so attentive to the decorums among men as mere human prudence would have dictated.

It is hard to say, positively, which he was most remarkable for, the spirit or the gift of prayer,

though it need not be told which he most esteemed. His public character made it right and necessary for him to desire and endeavour after 'spiritual gifts.' And the eminence to which he arrived therein, in general, is too well known to need a particular relation. To hear him, on some occasions, pour out his soul to God made one often think, Whence hath a man these things? Such a sluice of divine oratory ran through the whole of his language on religious subjects as is rarely to be met with. His public addresses to God were commonly wellnigh altogether in the words of the Holy Ghost. It seemed as though he turned the whole Bible into words of adoration, confession, petition, supplication, thanksgiving, and glory; while, at the same time, his expressions glowed with the love of God; and all this, with such ardour, intention, pertinency, and faith that it has seemed sometimes (one time in particular was peculiarly noticed) as though the heavens were burst open, and God Himself appeared in the congregation. Something of that (Acts iv. 31) was often conceived while he prayed. But he made no account of this, with regard to the perfection of his own soul. He made it his chief aim to follow after love, and to live in a momentary spirit of watchful prayer.

He has sometimes had very remarkable answers to prayer. One only I shall mention. A number of religious societies, both in England and Ireland, appointed a public fast, for the imploring God to restore to health an eminent servant of the Church who had been some time under languishments of

body. Mr. Walsh was then in Dublin, and, pouring out his soul about noon, he spoke aloud, in a manner which showed it not to be of himself, and said, ' He shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' And, blessed be God, the event showed the prediction to be of God.

Towards the latter end of his progress, and before his last sickness in particular, his prayer had less of labour in it than formerly ; and consisted, for the most part, of a passive receiving the impressions of the Divine Spirit ; God acting rather in him than he acted himself. And so still and recollected did he frequently appear herein, that it was as if God was visible before him, and that he spoke to the Divine Majesty with such nearness of access and child-like familiarity as the Scripture expresses by speaking with God ' face to face.' Indeed, every object and occurrence spoke to him of God : nor could there be wanting to him, at any time or place, incentives to raise his heart in prayer or praise to Him whom his soul loved.

One particular which he learned in the course of his experience was, that although the lights which are received from God in the way of prayer are, of all others, to be most faithfully attended to, yet, nevertheless, that one ought not to act upon every appearance of this kind ; that the enemy of men's salvation can, and often does, mimic the Spirit of God ; and, as an ' angel of light,' imposes upon the servants of God, by representing as from Him that which is often no other than Satan's illusions or our own imagination ; on account of

which some persons have, in most ages, been led into grievous mistakes and improprieties of conduct. He perceived danger with regard to himself from this quarter, and was therefore very sparing in mentioning much of what he often felt. He weighed everything by the Word of God; avoided precipitancy of conduct, and making haste; and, at the same time, laboured continually to abandon himself, as it were blindfold, to the teaching of the Spirit of truth and of purity.

II. *Redeeming the Time.*—In order to do this the more effectually, his manner was, to draw up a plan in writing (till use made it familiar to him) of the manner in which he judged it most profitable for him to spend the day. He distributed it into certain portions, and assigned to each its particular employment, which he punctually observed; allowing only for occasional interruptions in the business of his profession. Reading the Scriptures, times of stated prayer, and visiting the sick, had the grand places in this division of the day. He could never find any leisure for mere ceremonious visits, or unnecessary conversation of any kind. Even at meals, and, indeed, in every little incidental matter he had to do with, he ceased not to pursue his main end of living, namely, to get and to do good in his generation.

It was really surprising to see his thriftiness in this particular. He even deprived himself of such indulgences as nature absolutely required, in order to her performing the offices he imposed

upon her continually; such, for example, as abstaining from all study immediately after meals; when, notwithstanding he ate exceeding sparingly, more relaxation would have been better for his health: likewise, his not using a sufficient quantity of proper exercise; but most of all, not allowing himself a sufficiency of proper rest, refreshing sleep. He was often up late at study; and his general time of rising was four o'clock, or a little after, sometimes between three and four. He was often urged to take more rest. I remember once to have heard a gentlewoman compassionating the wasting, dying condition of his body, saying, 'Sure, Mr. Walsh, you may at least lie longer in bed on Sunday morning, when the preaching is not so early.' To which he replied, with his usual zeal and abrupt plainness, 'Should a man rob God?' He was commonly up earliest on the Lord's day, for which he had the highest veneration. He has sometimes said he thought there was something peculiarly sacred in the very air and the whole structure of nature on this day.

During the long intimacy I had with him, I do not remember to have known him spend a minute in discourses about national occurrences, politics, worldly diversions, or anything of that sort. He knew that these were not his affairs, and that his business was one. And the same may be said of what is called free and pleasant conversation. So provident was he of time, and so bent upon the pursuit of that 'immense revenue which every moment pays,' that, in whatsoever company he

was, unless something relative to the one thing needful was read, or discoursed of, he either took out a book (impolite as it may seem), or continued in profound silence, save when he answered a question. And if, at any time, anything vain, or tending to levity, was spoken, so as to occasion the least appearance of approbation in his looks or gesture, he severely reprehended himself for it afterwards, and prayed for strength for the time to come.

Persons both studious and religious, who sometimes visited him, and finding him always diligently employed, have afterwards said to me, 'What! is he never tired? always at it? Surprising!' No, he was never weary of his work; never had a moment at the mercy of an intruder to spend unnecessarily; never had any time hanging upon his hands which he did not know what to do with; and under the weightiest pressures of mind was never

> Blundering spilt on idleness, for ease.

And yet, notwithstanding all his caution, care, and diligence, he frequently lamented his not improving the time better. 'I do not use every moment to the best purposes,' was a frequent reflection with him against himself.

III. *Disengagement from the World.*—His indifferency to this world was such as even bordered upon abhorrency; and the rather, as he could not but observe what a gulf to souls it is, and how many are lost for ever through their undue attachment to this life. His heart and treasure

were, in truth, in heaven. He kept at the utmost distance from what worldly men most ardently court, and earnestly sought what they most abhor.

The vain things, riches, honours, and pleasures of this world, were too poor and inconsiderable for so generous a heart: he showed the greatness of his soul by despising all that was beneath it. He had the most generous contempt of money; esteeming it (unless to bestow on the poor, or procure a book sometimes) as the pebbles in the street. He had that reliance on the providence of God, and found a happiness therein, which infinitely surpassed all the enjoyments and treasures of the universe.

IV. *Recollection of Spirit, and Government of his thoughts.*—His carriage, aspect, words, and, indeed, the whole of his behaviour, spoke the solemnity and profound recollection of his soul. Nor can a stranger better conceive of him, in regard to this particular, than by forming to himself an idea of a person returned from the happy dead conversing with men. And it was nearly in this manner that some have expressed their surprise at him. A gentleman said to me one day, with some degree of admiration, 'I met Mr. Walsh in the street' (or to this effect), 'and I declare he seemed to me like a person returned from the other world.' So emaciated a countenance, such fixedness of thought, and serenity of deportment, as appeared in him, towards the conclusion of his race especially, were indeed surprising in so young a man, and discovered a

something very different from the busy ways of men. One needed only to look on him to perceive that there was something in him more than common. And if, as the son of Sirach says, 'a man may be known by his looks, and one that has understanding may be perceived by the marking of his countenance,' they must be indeed superficial observers that could not discern in his very aspect the excellences that dwelt within him. An air of wisdom and piety appeared in him continually. There seemed to be something peculiarly distinguishing in the very features of his countenance. Some have taken him to be little less than forty years of age, at the time he was but about five-and-twenty.

His uniform composure was the rather to be noticed, as his life was not of the recluse, but of the popular kind. He had to do with multitudes; and, unless on special occasions, was seldom above six hours together out of company. It is true, indeed, he seldom appeared in public, unless to speak of the things of eternity, in some respect or other. But he was so shut in with God that all places became alike to him; and he retained the same attention to God in the most thronged streets of London which he could have had in the most sequestered wilderness. Curious sights, elegant furniture, in shops or houses, magnificent buildings, fine shows, the ringing of bells, firing of guns, with everything of this k nd, were no more to him than the chirping of a sparrow or the buzzing of a fly.

To all which, the constant government which

he had over his senses greatly contributed. The difference of tastes, harmony of sounds, and whatever his eyes could behold, were as nothing to him. He was, in this respect, truly crucified to the world, and the world to him. Even in travelling through the most pleasant parts in the country, and in the pleasantest seasons, when the stupendous beauties of the creation, the spacious firmament, the verdure of the country (nature's loveliest universal robe), the music of the groves, and all the joint beauties of nature, might have furnished him with laudable and delightful contemplation, yet he seemed insensible to the whole, enjoying a

Paradise within him, happier far.

When he at any time adverted to the works of God in the creation (and he had a mind capable of the deepest researches), he was delighted chiefly with the heavens, paved, as it were, with those living fires, the spangled stars. But the use which he made of everything was to get more acquainted with God. He was, in truth, loosed from earth's enclosure, and from the contracted circle of the sun his heart was set at large. Christ and the Scriptures, with things pertaining to them, were the only and uniform objects of his attention ; and every thing, place, or person, which did not serve to promote, in some degree, his knowledge and love of these, had, with him, the estimate of trivial and insignificant.

And hence it was that the presence of God became so exceeding familiar to him as it was.

He could not be content a moment without it. And hereby was he fitted, likewise, for more glorious, and more frequent, divine communications, of which he had not a few, in the course of his progress. Several times has he been quite lost to himself, and insensible of everything about him, being left in the visions of God. Two instances, in particular, are related in his diary, in which he seemed as though he was out of the body for some time. One day, I remember going to visit a person who was ill; as soon as he got to the staircase, being in his usual composure, 'Did you see that light?' said he, with a sudden low voice. To which I answered partly with a sigh, having seen nothing. He said no more. But it was easy to discern in him, the rest of that day and night, a very peculiar solemnity of soul.

In places of public worship he hardly ever saw anybody so as to distinguish them; and in every means of grace his grand aim was to find more of God within him. He waited for this in lively, earnest composure; and thus approaching the Lord's table, in particular, he 'ate the flesh, and drank the blood, of the Son of God' indeed. 'My heart burned; was in a flame! Oh what a fire of divine love was there!' were the frequent memorials which he left in his diary, after communicating. Those heavenly sweets, which often overflowed his soul at the altar, spread their inundation over every other part of his holy living. His recollection carried itself into the midst of all his labours, in which he was still preserved without dissipation, notwithstanding their multiplicity,

and sometimes intricate nature. It was very usual with him to express what he felt of God by the simile of fire, to which the operations of the Holy Ghost are frequently compared in Scripture. He often felt, in prayer, and preaching, and walking, a kind of scorching within him, from the love of God. And from the abundance of the heart his mouth generally spoke. Words of life and fire issued, as it were, out of his lips, which were no other than the sparks of a burning heart. And often he could hardly refrain from expressing the holy raptures of his soul out aloud; as, 'O holy God! Glorious Jehovah! Blessed Jesus, Son of the living God!'—He used frequently to stand up, and sing,

> O love, how cheering is Thy ray!
> All pain before Thy presence flies!

There was, at first, an eagerness in his spirit that the success of his labours might be, in some sort, proportionable to his zeal and endeavours; but he in time learned otherwise, and became unanxious on the head, being taught of God that, having done his part, he should think no more about the matter; but still go on straight forward, keeping himself in repose with God: in imitation of the angels, who continually watch over the souls which God has given them in charge; but who lose nothing of their tranquillity or happiness, even when their utmost care is unsuccessful.

Well knowing that confusion of ideas, and desultoriness of thought alone, greatly impairs the

orderly state of the 'inward man,' he took particular care to stop them in the beginning; never allowing his mind to wander he knew not whither. Not, indeed, that he aimed herein at a chain of regular thinking, but rather avoided such impertinences and rovings of thought as prevent a calm composure of soul, and waiting upon God: though his diligence and watchfulness in this respect brought his thoughts at length into a kind of military discipline, so that he had been known, sometimes, to remain recollected for hours, in such a manner as rendered him, in appearance, motionless, and still, almost, as a statue.

And from hence, partly, arose that extreme tenderness of conscience which was so remarkable in him, and which gave him a constant holy jealousy over himself in everything he did; so that not a word, motion, or look could escape him unexamined, or uncensured, if it deserved it; resolving to do better for the time to come. Hence, likewise, it was that he had so very peculiar regard to all his words; speaking either to the purpose, that is, when occasion required him to speak, or not at all. And yet, notwithstanding his utmost circumspection, he was deeply conscious how far short he still came of that rectitude and entire renovation becoming a person in fellowship with the God of purity and unspotted holiness.

V.—His great rule was to imitate our Lord Jesus Christ in the most perfect manner he possibly could. The whole tenor of his conduct plainly discovered that he sought nothing but

God. There was in the chastity of his manners a purity next to angelical; and a circumspection in his every step of proceeding which declared that to him 'to live was Christ.' He kept at the utmost distance from sensual indulgences of every kind. His senses were kept under the closest custody, and he examined his conscience almost continually. Nor could it be observed at any time that he acted otherwise than within the rules of the utmost decency. The constant, lively sense which he had of invisible things was a standing proof of the purity of his heart. 'For a pure heart penetrates heaven and hell.'

VI.—He was a man of tears, and sighs, and groans. He wanted not, indeed, the joy of a good conscience; and knowing continually in whom he believed, he enjoyed the benefits resulting therefrom. And yet, this notwithstanding, the whole of his Christian pilgrimage was interspersed with much weeping. He seldom had a dry handkerchief a whole day together; his eyes being, for the most part, in private especially, as opened fountains, and which did not cease to flow in the night season. How often have I known him water his pillow with those briny rivers! sometimes lamenting his too great estrangement from his Beloved; sometimes mourning for the mourners; but oftener than all, he was sick of love—love to the Crucified!

To some, indeed, there seemed in him something at least bordering upon an unyielding austerity of spirit; and so much is true that, with regard to men and evil angels, he was undaunted,

as courageous as a lion, in the cause of God and of a good conscience: yet, in other respects, he was a man of the keenest sensibility and tenderest affections. He was, in the presence of his invisible Observer, pliant as melted wax, and clothed with dove-like meekness. He was often, as it were, deluged in tears, prostrate before the footstool of his Lord's majesty, and overwhelmed with a sense of His glory.

VII.—He was, without affectation, a man of humility; not, indeed, so as to disown, or not to make use of, the gifts and graces with which God had endued him; this would have been to lie against the truth: but, notwithstanding all that he had, yet taking the knowledge whence it came, he esteemed himself as nothing; but was truly diffident of, and heartily despised, himself. And the only use which he made of the superior qualifications which God bestowed upon him, in the use of proper means, was to consider himself as obliged thereby to devote himself more abundantly to the service of God and of his neighbour. The praises of others served only to abase him at the sight of his own nothingness. 'Lord, I am vile! a worm! Oh deliver me from this evil man, myself! Thou only art worthy!' were the frequent expressions of his lips and pen. If any person at any time gave him but the smallest hint by way of reproof, he received it either with silence, or expressions of thankfulness, according to the manner and occasion thereof. And, supposing it to be a matter in which he was really without blame, yet the reproof was not lost upon

him. He thereby took occasion to enter more deeply into himself, making the strictest scrutiny into the whole of his tempers and behaviour. He often said to God, on these occasions, 'Lord, though Thou knowest I am clear in this matter, yet, alas! how many things are there for the which I stand reproved before Thee! My God, I adore Thee in this which Thou hast permitted.' He often repeated, as a lesson of instruction to himself, those words of Kempis, 'Thou dust, learn to obey. Thou earth and clay, learn to demean thyself. Thou oughtest to be such a little child that everybody might trample thee under their feet in the streets.'

VIII.—There was the utmost steadiness in the whole of his religious conduct. The course of the sun and the seasons are not more regular than were his successive exercises of prayer, meditation, preaching, and study; so that, from knowing how he spent one day may be gathered his manner of spending whole months or years, allowing only for the difference of circumstances and occasions. Thus it was in things pertaining to God and His service; though, at the same time, his attention to himself, his ease and conveniences, were such that some have accounted it not less than blameworthy negligence; so truly did he live, not to himself, or the will of man, but to God.

IX.—'The love of God' was the fountain whence issued forth those fruitful streams which rendered his own soul flourishing as the garden of the Lord, and extended their salutary influence

all around whenever he came. It was to this he reduced everything. All his things were done in love, and therefore wrought in God. It was a debt he was ever paying, and from which he was never to be discharged. 'My God, let me love Thee! Jesus, Son of the living God, Thou knowest that I love Thee! O love divine, what hast Thou done! Oh that all the world did but know Thee! How would they then love Thee, Thou "altogether lovely!"' To this effect he often breathed out the warm emotions of his heart; so deeply was he penetrated with the love of God his Saviour. He was always exceedingly pleased with, and frequently repeated, those lines:

> Eternity too short to speak Thy praise,
> Or fathom Thy profound of love to man!

And again, without regarding their connexion, but overwhelmed with the thought of the dying love of Jesus, he would utter, sometimes abruptly, and with astonishment,

> Sensations new in angel-bosoms rise,
> Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.

X.—*Lastly.* 'By faith I stand,' was his concluding point, after all that God had done for him. And it was not unusual with him to say, on the closest examination of all he was, and all he did, 'If Christ forsook me but for a moment, I should fall and perish after all.' Yes, it was from His fullness he received all his good things, and, with the dependent helplessness of an infant, he had recourse to Him continually for light,

and strength, and love; for everything, in short, which he wanted. He trusted only in His passion, and was inviolably attached to His crucified person. He could be happy only in conversation with Him; delighted peculiarly in those parts of Scripture which describe and endear Him; and, from the fullness of his own soul, repeated often, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ. To Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be the glory, both now and to eternity!'

To sum up this head. He thought prayer to be more his business than anything else in this world; and, from the desire he had to redeem the time, he employed great part of the night, as well as the day, in prayer, meditation, study, and labouring for the good of his neighbour. He was profoundly serious, and always recollected at home and abroad. He watched over every motion of his soul, keeping his thoughts in subjection to Christ continually. He proposed to himself 'the man Christ Jesus' as his great model and rule in everything; imitating Him especially in the purity of his body and in the chastity of his affections. Walking in deep humility before God, he was patient of reproof, nor ever retorted anything with heat or prejudice. There was a steadiness in his proceedings for God, and in reference to eternity, which not all the powers of earth and hell were able to interrupt. He ate but little, wept much, loved more, received all by faith; and rarely opened his mouth but about heavenly things.

PART III

His diary consists of the feelings of his own heart, throughout every part of his Christian race, with scarcely a single hour of the whole omitted. He always wrote down reflections upon himself, as either the pressure or felicity of his soul at that time suggested; adding any spiritual observation or maxim which his own experience confirmed to him.

'At the close of this last day of the year' (1750), he writes, 'I examined myself how I had lived the past year; and could only say I had not wickedly departed from my God: but was heartily ashamed that I had not glorified Him better, resolving to watch for the time to come.

'I prayed to God for quietness and humility of mind; and found assistance against "this evil man, myself." Oh for a heart constantly fixed on God! I was reproved this day in spirit for an idle word.

'The Lord was with me all this day. I desire to be with the Lord continually, that my communion may be stronger with Jesus than ever. Oh it is heaven upon earth to have Christ in one's heart! It is the beginning of the glory of God to receive the lovely Jesus; and with Him the joy of the Holy Ghost. Oh that I had the tongue of an angel to praise my Lord! Hasten, Lord, the glad hour when I shall see Thee as Thou art.

When shall that long-expected hour
Of sacred vision be,
When my ascending soul shall make
A near approach to Thee!

'I preached this morning on the great and precious promises, Ezek. xxxvi. My soul aspired to have them accomplished; for I feel the evil of my nature, and especially the evil heart of unbelief that is within me.

'*Friday, February* 22.—I preached this morning on Solomon's Song, ii. 8; but was both dark and weak, having scarcely any power to explain anything. Oh what a grief it is for one to preach when he is left to himself; when the Lord is not his present strength and teacher! to preach consolation to others, and feel none himself! This exposes one to great temptation.

'*Saturday,* 23.—My soul enjoyed sweet repose in the blood of the Lamb, while my heart was engaged in meditation on His undying love. Oh where can we find an instance of such love as that of God to men on Calvary! when the innocent died for a guilty world to bring them to God!

What are all mysteries to love like this!
Should man more execrate, or boast, the guilt
Which roused such vengeance? which such love
inflamed?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
A mystery no less to gods than men!

'*Wednesday,* 27.—I was not alive to God today. Unnecessary talk brought deadness upon my soul.

'Great part of this day I lived as in heaven.

Heaven was within me. God was in my soul. The influences of His Spirit wrought so powerfully upon me that my joy was beyond expression. Oh the length, and breadth, and height of the love of God! Well may it be said to pass knowledge. The spiritual man may discern it, but cannot set it forth in the manner he feels it. Those words of Isaiah (lxi. 10) lifted up my soul, as in a fiery chariot, above the fabric of this world: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." I could say that the Lord had so done for my soul. Oh what enemies are the children of men to their own souls! They deprive themselves of happiness here and of eternal glory hereafter; imagining that earthly enjoyments are above what religion can afford. But, alas! it is because they know not this religion, which brings such happiness to the soul.

> They part with all for that which is not bread;
> They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
> And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.
> To beings of sublime immortal make,
> How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!

'Oh how sweet was Jesus to my soul! The rose for sweetness, the lily for whiteness, the apple-tree for fruitfulness; what are they all to Thee? Entering into my closet, the moment I bowed my knee the Lord poured down a blessing into my

soul. Oh what a heaven upon earth did I experience for some moments! Tongue cannot express the goodness of God to my soul. Oh where shall I find words to praise? How am I lost in the ocean of immensity of Thy mercy! Lord, I know not how to give Thee thanks. Where to begin I cannot tell. O my soul, fall into silent amazement. Let all I have, or am, drop into nothing!

'*Friday, March* 8.—This was a day of much temptation; but God, for my support and confirmation, was pleased to give me a fresh manifestation of His love.

'Reading and prayer to-day were of little comfort to me. If it were not that I find the abiding witness of the Spirit in my soul, my bondage would be very great. It is the goodness of God which preserves me in the faith. The enemies of my salvation are thrusting sore at me from day to day. Defend and keep me, O my God, for Jesu's sake.

'In prayer, I saw the great difficulty of being a Christian in reality. There are many who "eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel" (Isa. iv. 1), and are willing "to be called by the name of Jesus," to take away their reproach—the abomination of being called heathen. But they love, notwithstanding, the ways of death and darkness rather than light; and do what heathens would not do. The ninety-first Psalm was made a great blessing to me; the ninth verse especially.

'This morning the Lord gave me language that I knew not of, raising my soul to Him in a

wonderful manner. After preaching, however, in the evening, at my return to my room, I felt no life in my soul, but a spirit of slothfulness. Oh what a poor creature! How incapable of thinking a good thought, or doing a truly good action! Sinful dust and ashes!

'*Friday*, 22.—In the morning I had an earnest desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. I wanted to see Jesus, who bore and suffered so much for me.

'*Monday*, 25.—My soul was very dull. I had a desire to pray, but could not, through the deadness of my heart and wandering of my thoughts. This is a thing I have to complain of, in general; namely, wandering in prayer, want of earnestness and fervour.

'*Tuesday*, 26.—I cannot say that, till three o'clock, I had true communion with God; but then the Lord clearly manifested Himself to me.

'*April* 6, 1751.—I had not much of the presence of God, nor of the comfort of the Holy Ghost; yet my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God!

'Oh what an aversion I had this morning to study, and following the Lamb! If it were not for the promises which the gospel affords, I should be often brought into bondage. Very often is my soul cast down, and my spirit disquieted within me; so that I must needs utterly faint, if it was not that I firmly hope I shall yet praise God for the health of His countenance. I felt neither comfort nor power in preaching. Oh what a poor creature I am when left to myself!

how dark of conception! how slow of heart and speech! It sometimes happens that while I am thus writing down my condition, the Lord appears to my help: so it is now; for God has been pleased to manifest Himself to me! And oh what a welcome guest! At His coming, my reins and my heart rejoice; my troubles are done away; my soul is greatly refreshed, my faith strengthened, my hope confirmed, and my love increased. Glory be to God most high!

'God and His ways were sweet to my soul this morning. Great was the peace of my mind, and the joy which arose from considering what the Lord had done for my soul. Oh how did I long to be altogether like Him, in righteousness and true holiness! Throughout the day I enjoyed sweet repose in the blood of the Lamb. In the evening I preached on 1 Cor. i. 30. And God did indeed pour of His gracious Spirit into my soul. Truly we have a heaven upon earth! Oh that I had the tongue of an angel to glorify Thee for all Thy benefits!

'*Thursday, May* 23.—I was in great trouble, going to preaching this morning. My temptations were sore, and my trials exceeding great; occasioned partly by the condition of some who for a time ran well, but are turned again to the fleshpots of Egypt. While I preached, however, on Ps. xxiii. 1, my Shepherd gave me to feed upon His "hidden manna."

'I found it hard work to be wholly set apart for God this day. I preached comfort to others, but could lay hold on little of it myself. I am often

like a day in spring, the sun shining bright for a little while, and soon withdrawing again. The "Sun of Righteousness" often shines upon me with His bright beams; but, alas! the light is soon clouded, and the joy vanishes away. Yet still, blessed be God! my heart stands fast, believing in the Lord. For I take it for granted that the want of strong light and joy no more argues want of faith than the absence of unclouded day argues no sun in the firmament.

'An unusual fondness for company brought deadness upon my soul. The vanities of the world importunately intruded upon me. If God were not on my side, I should have been long ago "as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah." Such vanities crowded in upon me at prayer that even I forgot what I was saying. I am a man sorely distressed with the wandering of my heart. I arose from prayer, and read, and prayed again. The Lord at length met me, and instantly released me from my sorrow, and gave me power to wait upon Him without distraction.

'*Saturday, June* 12.—Great was the comfort which I had in God. I had the full assurance of faith that God was my God, and Christ my Saviour. Oh the happiness of knowing this!

'*Friday*, 17.—The Lord was in all my thoughts: I had not felt so much comfort for three days. I had communion with God all the day, though chiefly in the evening.

'*Tuesday*, 28.—I was deeply convinced of my depravity. O my God, I see the impurity of my heart in such a manner as frightens me. I know

that Christ can have no communion with Belial, neither righteousness with unrighteousness. Lord, break not the "bruised reed," nor quench the "smoking flax." Rather send down Thy Holy Spirit and set me free from the power of indwelling sin. Consume it, O God! Cast out the spirit of uncleanness, for Christ's sake.

'This afternoon I walked in the fields, and had a sweet meeting with my Lord. He gave me His love.

'*Sunday morning.*—I was so stupid that I could scarcely pray. Wandering thoughts crowded in upon me. Oh for a heart to pray! I find, in general, that, under the most afflictive trials, when I can in fervent prayer pour out my soul before the Lord, He gives me instant relief. But when I cannot pray, oh, then is my life burdensome to me; I cannot bear myself.

'The word this morning was sweet to the souls of the people. They seemed to drink of the fountain of the water of life. I had a glorious manifestation of the love of God to my soul. My delight surely is in the Lord and His Son Jesus Christ. Thou art my God, my love, my joy, my help, my health, and my all in all! Blessed be Thy name. Amen.

'Too much given to talk. I had not the usual longing after prayer and meditation. Yet the Lord helps my infirmity.

'I had great joy in my soul, and longing desires to be with Christ. Oh that even now I could behold His lovely face and amiable countenance!

'*Friday, July* 9.—I had a lively sense of the

Lord's having blotted out my former transgressions; and that He had promised to give me "a pure and a clean heart." I had great peace, my soul being filled with the love of God.

'*Saturday*, 10.—I was exercised this morning by false accusations. My only concern was lest it should hinder the work of God. But in the consideration of His overruling power and providence, I rested patiently on His will. My Jesus was made perfect through sufferings. Oh that I may be enabled to follow my Master in the way of the cross!

'Walking in a garden this day, God made it an Eden to my soul; pouring His love into my heart. I partook of the water and the tree of life; and the hidden manna was rained from heaven into my soul.

'*Monday*, 19.—All the day my soul thirsted for the living God. It was transported, and exceedingly rejoiced, in reading some divine meditations. O my God, what shall I say? Angels cannot praise Thee worthily. What then shall I, who am a worm of the earth, do? Oh that I had wings like a dove! Lovely Jesus, when shall I see Thy face, joining the rest of the redeemed to celebrate the wonders of Thy redeeming love! Oh that this were the moment! My soul shall, ere long, take its flight to the mansions which I firmly believe my Saviour is preparing for me. O my God, my Saviour, my All!

'*Thursday*, 25.—I had but little light or power. The Lord humbled, and showed me my own

weakness; but did not leave me to it. He showed me clearly that it was neither to my graces, humblings, desires, doings, nor sufferings, I must trust for happiness and salvation, but in Christ alone.

'Ah, Lord, who is sufficient for these things? Oh let me die, that I may see Thee! Whither is my Beloved gone? Return, Lord, return! I am a feeble and helpless creature. Yet rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! for though I fall into temptations, heaviness, and trials, I shall rise again. O proud Philistines, deceitful Delilahs, inbred sin, pride of heart, anger, and folly, who can remove you? Lord Jesu, Thou canst, and Thou alone.

'At the sacrament, oh how did my soul banquet in Jesus! What divine consolation did I feel in God my Saviour!

'*Wednesday*, 23.—I was tempted to laugh on my very knees. O Lord my God, be my Rock. Hide me in Thy wounds, and deliver me from myself. O Jesus, I cry out of the deeps: hear my prayer, and let my cry come up before Thee.

'Sure I am that if my salvation depend on aught but the changeless love of God my Saviour, I never should see the Lord. Alas! I am all weakness, unbelief, disobedience, and darkness. My soul was weighed down with inbred sin. But I no sooner began to complain, and bewail myself before Him, than He poured His love upon me, and gave me sweet access to Him.

'*January* 6, 1752.—I could hardly account to myself how my thoughts had been employed this

day. Oh that they were every moment taken up in the contemplation of Thy wondrous love and compassion to me and all the fallen race! Oh for an humble, lowly, simple, pure, and perfect mind! What shall I say to Thee, Thou delight of my heart? How much fairer art Thou than the sons of men!

'When I look back upon my life, I can see nothing that does not need to be washed with the blood of Christ. My best actions are imperfect. I have need to fly to my Saviour, that from Him I might receive that robe which is pure and complete. My whole desire is to be devoted to Thee.

'Ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven, I fell down before the Lord my Maker: and I may well say that He waited to be gracious; for before I could utter many words, His love filled my heart. I could then look up with confidence, and see my Father, God, smile upon me, and my dear Redeemer at His right hand, full of grace and truth for me. Oh how sweetly did the ever-blessed Trinity join to bless me! Help me to praise Thee, O Thou strength of Israel!

'This morning, at breakfast, the Lord left such a divine impression upon my heart as, I think, will never wear off.

'God was much with me in private. Oh what a heaven upon earth is it to commune with Him in prayer, holy reading, and divine meditation! Jesus is a well of life. How blessed is it to hold intimacy with Him! This is paradise indeed.

'*Sunday.*—It was a glorious Sabbath to my soul. The light of heaven shone upon me.

'Part of this day was the happiest I ever yet saw. I could freely depart to be with Him whom my soul loveth. Truly I seemed to antedate the sweetness of the celestial felicity which the glorified spirits enjoy above! My song was praises to my God.

'I had calm repose in God. It was a day of sore temptation. I was kept, but through momentary watching unto prayer. Oh what am I? How weak, how blind, how poor! As to strength, a bruised reed; for love and zeal, as the smoking flax. But Thou, O God, art strong, and in Thee is my hope.

'I was ill in body, dark in mind, dead in affections, and sorely troubled with temptations. Yet I was preserved from inclining to iniquity with my heart.

'*Sunday*.—My soul agonized to enter into the rest of the people of God. I saw Him by faith, and the promises were strongly brought to my remembrance; especially, "Ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you."

'*Friday*, 20.—I was surrounded with various temptations. Oh the levity of my spirit, weakness of my faith, and deceitfulness of my heart!

'*Saturday*, 30.—My soul tasted of the sweets of paradise this day.

'*March 7*, 1753.—In the morning there was open free intercourse between God and my soul, which for some hours remained undisturbed. About noon I felt sore war between nature and grace, so that I was brought low. Nature would have me manage for myself; grace was for casting

all my care upon God. O Thou Author of every good gift, send me help from Thy holy place to subdue the old man! Take away the perverseness of my own natural will, and make me lowly and patient as Thou, my Lord, art. Thou art the source of grace and of goodness. In Thee, O Lamb of God, is all I want.

'*Thursday*, 8.—I poured out my soul before the Lord, who gave me to feel hearty contrition, with earnest desires to be sanctified wholly. For

> O how wavering is my mind,
> Toss'd about with every wind!
> O how quickly doth my heart
> From the living God depart!

Son of God, set me free, and knit my soul to Thyself!

'*Saturday*, 10.—The Lord sweetly refreshed my spirit. I was strongly moved to pour out my soul for my enemies, and all that forget God. There was a burning in my heart after all the life of God. Nothing appeared so desirable as holiness. O God, take the whole capacity of my soul, and possess it by Thy Spirit.

'*Sunday*, 25.—I have a proof to-day of the vanity and uncertainty of human friendship. Some who loved and greatly esteemed me when I left Dublin about ten weeks ago will now, at my return, hardly speak to me. Oh that I may seek friendship, and all good, in God alone! Yes—

> For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
> Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

'Some words I heard this morning pierced me

to the very soul. Enter not into judgement with Thy servant, O Lord. I fly to Jesus, the "just One," to hide me in His wounds. He is my sanctuary, the ark of the covenant, and the true altar. Come, my life, my treasure, and my God, shine into this drooping heart. Have I not an interest in Thy blood? Am not I a child of Thine, O God? Hast Thou not said unto me, Live? Oh that Thy powerful voice would now speak to my soul, and bless me, O my Father!

'How little do I know of God, or of myself? Oh what a mystery is man! How difficult to find, and then to lose himself! Lord, I long to be settled and fixed in Thee. Oh how does this mortal body press down the soul!

'*Saturday, April* 21.—I was strengthened in the hope of full redemption. Jesus, forsake me not; or I shall be of all men most miserable!

'*Wednesday, May* 4.—I woke with the presence of God. Jesus was amiable, and altogether lovely to my soul. My heart was carried out in praise to Him for redeeming me, and making me His own for ever, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

'I earnestly longed after inward holiness—the image of God brought into my soul; for then only shall I be truly happy, when self-love, self-will, and all other roots of bitterness are rooted out of my heart, and the pure love of God overflows my whole soul. When Jesus is the supreme and sole Governor, and all things within are subdued by His grace, then the heart rests in peace, and all things move in their proper time

and manner. The soul is retired, though in the midst of hurry, and sweet peace and joy flow from Jehovah, their source. This is the victory, the salvation, the liberty, the deliverance from sin, which very few believe, and which no one can know save he that receiveth it. But it is the privilege of the children of God; and every one who sincerely seeks, and with all his might strives for it, shall surely attain, by the Spirit of the Lord; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

'At the Lord's table, the bloody sacrifice was impressed on my heart. The fruit of the tree of life was sweeter to me than honey and the honeycomb.

'*Friday*, 31.—After preaching, I gave myself to my usual study. O freedom of heart, and contempt of the world, how great blessings are ye! Plentifully did the Lord shower His love into my soul this day in our public meeting. Verily Thou art the pleasure of my soul, the hope and desire of my heart.

'This day God prepared me for a sore trial, by giving me sweet repose in His love. I lived, as it were, in heaven. My soul was ravished with His sweetness. So was I enabled to bear, with calmness and patience, the abusive language of one who came to my room, breathing out threatenings against me. Alas! how many are there who are great friends in profession, but not such in reality!

'Oh the unspeakable comfort of having an assurance of the love of God!

'*Saturday*.—I was very happy in my soul, and read God's holy Word with great delight.

'I cried unto the Lord to make me "holy as He is holy." This is the thing which I long for. Lord, grant me my heart's desire. Answer Thy Spirit's cry for liberty.

'*Saturday, August* 29.—In the night I was grievously tempted of the devil. He injected such blasphemies and threw such fiery darts as I never experienced before. I was sore amazed, and cried unto the Lord Jesus. He heard my cry, bruised his head, and delivered my soul from his rage and fury. Lord, Thou upholdest me, or I should fall. Oh stay with me till I arrive safe in Thy kingdom!

'*Sunday, September* 1, was a day of feasting and rejoicing to my soul. I had sweet converse with my Beloved, while I joyed in His salvation. I proclaimed His name to thousands, from Jer. vi. 10; and never felt more freedom to preach my Saviour. O my Lord, Thou art precious to my soul, and Thy service is my reward!

'*Sunday, March* 3, 1754.—At the Lord's Supper this morning, my soul was dissolved with divine love. I could bless God that ever I was born to so happy and glorious an end as to love, and praise, and serve my Redeemer. Yes, Jesus, Thou art precious to my soul. Thy yoke is easy, and Thy commandments holy, and just, and good. I desire to keep them with my whole heart.

'The more I see of the world, the less happiness I can discern in it. Happy are they who are well

out of it. Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his. It is a great thing to be a Christian in truth.

> There's not a day, but to the man of thought
> Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
> On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

'I used the means of grace to-day as usual, but cannot say that I had communion with God in them. Alas! what are means, when Christ is absent? How often do I find heaviness and deadness succeed much joy and freedom of spirit! "Poor, alas! beyond expression poor!"

'I wept and rejoiced that God had given me a soul capable of loving Him. In reading and meditating in the open air, my soul tasted of the joys, in part, which those spirits enjoy who behold His face continually.

'My soul vehemently groaned and longed for full redemption, while it enjoyed sweet converse with my Lord Jesus.

'I removed from amongst us some who walked disorderly. Alas! how few are willing to do and suffer all the will of God!

'*Tuesday*, 12.—Although my body was much afflicted, my soul was greatly comforted.

'*Sunday*, 17.—I heard a sermon to-day at church in which my Lord Jesus was not so much as named. Alas! that "the way, the truth, and the life" should be entirely forgotten!

'*Friday*, 22.—I was heavy and ill all the day; yet I strove to do the will of my heavenly Father.

'*Saturday*, 23.—I had intercourse with heaven all the day. I thirsted for the salvation of all men,

as for my own soul. I was also deeply humbled before the Lord, seeing myself the most vile and unworthy of all His creatures. He likewise made me willing to be despised and evil spoken of by others. And I cannot but admire the wisdom and goodness of God in so preparing me for what soon after followed. One of my acquaintance, that went with me to the house of God, laid to my charge things which I knew not. I sent for him; but he could say nothing to my face. His mouth was stopped, and he seemed quite ashamed. I felt much patience and pity towards him. Lord Jesus, give him repentance, and take prejudice out of his heart.

'*Saturday, April* 20, was a day of joy and sorrow by intervals. Oh how did nature and grace strive in my soul! What conflicts with myself do I daily experience!

'*Friday, May* 3.—I had a feeling sense of the treasures of grace and glory which are laid up for me, both here and in heaven. Oh what a heaven did I experience in being able to call God "my God, and my Father!"'

The account of his experience given in the preceding pages begins with the first year of his conversion, in which likewise he began to labour for the good of his neighbour. And it may be observed that, in his progress, the experience of his heart had its certain progressive stages, resembling, in some degree, that of the 'shining light,' or sun. The first display of the divine goodness to his soul, in justification, was so clear,

and his joy thereupon was so strong, that he had then no expectation of seeing war any more. And he was, indeed, carried on sweetly for some considerable time. But, whatever was the cause, or whether there was, according to the divine disposals, a *needs be* for it; however, so it was, that he afterwards felt otherwise. And hence we find him often groaning under a body of sin and death; complaining of struggles between nature and grace, and of inconstancy and weakness in general; with ardent pourings out of his soul to God for complete deliverance. And his thirst after it was considerably augmented by the transient tastes with which it pleased God to favour him from time to time, of the heaven of loving Him alone, with all the powers of his soul.

The feeling of his heart in reference thereto, the methods which he pursued in order to attain it, and the progress which, by the grace of God, he made therein, are the subject of this chapter. Only for the sake of some who desire to have the fullest information concerning him on this head, I shall prefix a letter he sent me to Bristol from London, in answer to some inquiries which I made concerning his then state of soul, occasioned by the following circumstance: Some months before he left London the last time, a report prevailed amongst his brethren (it seems, from some things he spoke chiefly in his preaching) that he professed to be 'cleansed from all sin.' When I parted with him, not many weeks before, I knew he was earnestly following after 'perfect love' weeping and praying almost day and night.

And, on my hearing that he had attained, I wrote to know it from himself. To which inquiry he sent me the following answer, concerning the state of his soul:

'LONDON, *June* 17, 1757.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,

'What you mention concerning me, I answer thus. (1) I feel the constant witness of the Spirit of God, that I am forgiven, and that I love God and my neighbour. (2) I do not feel any evil tempers. (3) I firmly believe that God will eternally save my soul. But whether all sin is taken out of my heart, and the possibility of grieving the Spirit of God, I do not determine; neither do I think that I love either God or my neighbour as I ought, or as I shall. I am helpless, but God is my strength. I live by faith. I am ashamed. I have no wish that any one should believe I am saved from all sin. Indeed, I ought to justify every one that believes the contrary, supposing it was so. But, alas! if Christ did not pray for me, and keep me every moment, I should go to the devil. I understand Gal. iii. 10 as I never did before; and Gal. ii. 19 is what I feel. Jesus Christ is all in all.

'I have written simply: make the best use you can of it. But say nothing of it to any one. This I request.[1] Oh let me be forgotten: not of God, or of His children in prayer; but, as I desire

[1] And his request was then carefully observed. The present case and occasion will, perhaps, be thought reason sufficient for publishing it.

no good to be said of me, I would not have any one sin against God, in thinking or speaking the evil which my heart abhors. It is much to the glory of God to save a proud, angry, self-willed, fearful, and unbelieving sinner: therefore I almost say that I glory in mine infirmities, that the strength and grace of Christ may rest upon me, and save me from them all; and this He will do as sure as He is faithful and true. I would not have Mr. —— to mention anything about me; but as Providence permitted it, I am not concerned, leaving myself, and the event of all, with God.

'I expect to hear from you quickly. I am

'Your affectionate brother,

'THOMAS WALSH.'

His struggles, sentiments, and attainments, partly before and partly after this letter, even to his death, are further represented in the following extracts:

'LONDON, *Sunday, June* 2.—All this forenoon I was raised above myself, and lost in God. Heaven, as it were, came down into my soul, and I saw the glory of the world to come! I beheld all the glory of this world as the mire in the streets. But oh the views which I had of heaven, and the foretaste of those ravishing joys that flow there, so transported my soul that I could bless God that ever I was born.

'*Tuesday*, 4.—My soul was transported this day to such a degree as greatly affected even my body. I do not recollect that I ever before felt such a sense of the presence of God. Surely, if

He should manifest Himself a few degrees more to me, I could not live in the body.

'*Sunday*, 9.—I gave myself up to God. I heartily desire to give my whole heart, cheerfully and without reserve, to Thee, my Lord! Many things would alienate it from Thee. But, O my Saviour, keep Thou my every desire. Knit me closely to Thyself, and suffer no false fire to abide in my heart. I acknowledge, O my God, that it is an amazing instance of Thy love that Thou hast made me a child of Thine. Let, I beseech Thee, Thy goodness be the strongest tie to keep my heart stayed upon Thee.

'*Tuesday*, 18.—I was so low in body that I could hardly speak or think. Oh how does this corruptible body press down my soul! Yet I can praise God for His dispensations towards me. He afflicts me that I may be partaker of His holiness.

'At the Lord's table I was in an agony for holiness. My soul, and even my body, were ready to faint with desire, and longed for all the mind that was in Christ Jesus.

> With me I know, I feel, Thou art;
> But this cannot suffice,
> Unless Thou plantest in my heart
> A constant paradise!

'*Saturday, July* 20.—Oh how my soul laboured with God in secret prayer! I said in my heart, "If I am indeed a child of God, why have I not greater desires to depart, and be with Christ?" I prostrated myself before the throne of grace, and cried to God to answer me as by fire: and

He soon silenced my despondencies by answering in my heart, " My son, thou art Mine."

'*Wednesday, September* 21.—I longed to be dissolved, and yet more to be made holy.

'God overpowered my whole frame, so that my body fainted under the pouring out of the Spirit of Christ.

'*Saturday, September* 26.—My heart was quite melted with a sense of the goodness of God, and of my own vileness. I think I now begin to repent; to have a godly sorrow for my sins. Of this I am well assured, that thoughts which were in my mind a year ago are now a grief to me; the Spirit of God brings the sins of my whole life to my remembrance. I read them all, but more especially whatever has been wrong in me since I was converted. My spirit within me mourns, and my heart feelingly says, " Oh that I had never sinned! Oh that my soul and body had been always pure before Thee! Oh that I had always the same light and power that God has given me now!" But, although I am vile, yet this, blessed be God, I know, there is now no condemnation to me: the blood of Christ hath washed away all my sins. I have the spirit of adoption, and the peace of my God. I love Him, and all His dear children; yea, and my enemies likewise. I hunger and thirst after righteousness. I rejoice in my God, and delight in doing His will. I know in whom I have believed. My name is written in heaven. Hallelujah!

'*Friday, November* 22.—I enjoyed a fullness of God in my soul; and had infinite sweetness in

communion with my Saviour. Lord, I am not worthy of these manifestations; but I see all is of "free grace." I receive all through Christ the righteous. He drank the bitter cup, that I might drink the cup of consolation. Lord, I would love infinitely, if I were able. My whole soul cries out for power to do Thy will perfectly.

'*Monday, December* 2.—I feel I am a mere nothing; and that if God withdraw His grace from me but for a moment, I should do nothing but sin.

'I felt much shame before the Lord to-day for my unfaithfulness and unfruitfulness. O God, enter not into judgement with me for my sins of omission!

'*Sunday, July* 4.—I was troubled in my spirit, because of lightness of heart, and speaking "my own words" (Isa. lviii.). How many idle words do I speak! It ill becomes a Christian, much more a preacher, ever to laugh.

'I lay down in peace, because I have an Advocate with the Father.

'*October* 6.—I arose with much sorrow and concern; and with shame, and much brokenness of heart, bowed my soul before the Lord. My heaviness endured, as it were, but a moment, and the divine light shone transcendently bright upon my soul. Praying with a few friends, my joy in the Lord overcame my feeble body. And it proved to be a preparation for a trial which came soon after. (See and compare Matt. ix. 16, with chap. iv. 1.) I had sweet communion with Jesus and three of His redeemed ones

this day. In the evening I pressed upon the people the necessity of "inward life," from Acts v. 20.

'*Sunday*, 22.—All the day long my Lord was wonderfully present with me in every ordinance. Truly my soul longed vehemently to be, and live, like my Saviour, the holy Jesus. This indeed is the thing I aim at; and I believe, according to the sure word of promise, I shall attain. Oh what depths and heights of holiness do I discern attainable in this world!

'My soul was mightily encouraged while I expounded John xiv. 21–23. Inward and constant liberty is what I want; to be always recollected, having my mind stayed upon God. I would live like an angel below. For some moments, indeed, I often love and rejoice in a wonderful manner: but, alas! how soon it dies! I become comparatively cold, and can neither pray with freedom nor rejoice with reverence.

'Prayer and reading the Scriptures are my daily delight.

'O Jesus, Thou holy Lover of my soul, unite me more closely to Thyself. Be Thou my glory, my joy. Thou art my all in all.

'Still, nature, the devil, and grace are striving with me. Christ, however, has the upper hand; but I want Him "to live and reign, the Lord of every motion of my soul."

'I prayed with my kindred at taking my leave of them.[1] My brother and sister were ill, and my mother weeping after me. I found a great

[1] He was then going to England for the third and last time.

struggle, and believe I should have stayed, but for those scriptures: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me" (Matt. x. 37): and, "Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God" (Luke ix. 60). My heart felt pain and sorrow; but I took up my cross, and went immediately to Ballingarrane (where were a colony of Germans), and preached that night. Oh what is needful for a minister of Jesus! what faith, love, purity, divine light, life, and strength, to finish his course with joy!

'Meeting the penitents, I could hardly speak in the last prayer, I was so overpowered with the presence and majesty of God.

'I arose early this morning, after watering my pillow with tears more than ever I remember to have done before.

'Throughout the various exercises of the day I had strong assurance that the Lord would eternally save me; especially as I sat at dinner, conversing with my brethren on the things of God.

'Having this evening to myself, without preaching' (a rare thing with him), 'I shut myself up, and sought the Lord with prayers and tears. Show me, my Lord, Thy glory; or let me die that I may see Thee! If I cannot perfectly love Thee, and do Thy will upon earth, send for me, and take my soul to heaven. But, Lord God, hast Thou not spoken by Moses, Deut. xxx. 6; and by Ezekiel, chap. xxxvi. 23–32? If these are Thy words and promises, I pray and plead that they may be fulfilled in me, according to

their utmost extent. Oh come, and baptize me with fire!

'At prayer with some friends, the Lord applied powerfully to my heart, "Go, and sin no more." Now the Lord has answered for Himself. I believe it is His will that I should sin no more, and that I should have such a faith as never to depart, from this moment, from Christ, in thought, word, or deed; that so, being inseparably one with Him, I should walk in the Spirit, and sing and praise Him evermore! Angels, praise my Saviour!

'*Sunday*, 1757.—All the day I was happy in my Lord, rejoicing in confidence that He would save me eternally. I could pray, and love, and weep.

'It was a day of great blessing and of great trials. I came home through much snow and rain. But it was all sweet with Christ. I called on the Strong for strength; and, after meditation, lay me down in peace.

'I employed all the day in reading the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; save some time which I spent in endeavouring to convince a man (who contended much) that there is salvation for a person though he does not make use of the Church of England's Liturgy. I had many comforts, with strong temptation.

'With a heart full of matter, I preached on Eph. vi. 11. I could truly say that the law of Thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

Wide as the world is Thy command!
Vast as eternity Thy love!

'At dinner my soul was sweetly drawn out after God. I felt such an assurance of eternal salvation as I never had before; not with such a degree of clearness of evidence.

'I wept and prayed before the Lord, that He would make me entirely pure in heart, and bless all His children. It was a happy day.

'I felt great love to all mankind. My soul pleaded with God in their behalf. O Jesus, hasten Thy kingdom. Come, and put a period to sin and misery! O my God, suffer not a vain thought to live in me. I never can rest till Jesus has poured His humble, pure, and happy mind into my soul. For some moments I did taste of the felicity of heaven; but, through pain and unbelief, it was of short continuance.

'*Friday.*—It being the public fast, I preached on Isa. lviii. 3. It was a day of feasting to my soul. With great delight I rested in my God; and it seemed to me that the people of God were not yet to suffer. Hereafter it will be; but at present the grand controversy is with Antichrist.[1] Jesus will avenge the quarrel of His covenant.

'I seek perfection, and uninterrupted communion with the blessed God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. True, I am not worthy of the crumbs

[1] For some considerable time before, and during a great part of his last sickness, his thoughts entered deeply into the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation. He calculated the times with great exactness, and spared no labour and pains to be fully informed concerning the great things which those passages insinuate still await the world. In short, he was rapt up in those future scenes, 'hastening to the coming of the Son of God,' in His kingdom of grace and glory. His opinion was that great and amazing things

under Thy table; yet I look, through Thy rich grace, for all the precious and eternal blessings of the new covenant.

'*Sunday.*—This was a glorious day indeed. Great and marvellous were the blessings which God bestowed upon me. He blesses me in every duty: all is useful: all works together for my good. I go on my way singing the hundred and thirty-eighth Psalm: "They shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord."

'Jesus was with me in all I did. He gave me light, love, help, joy, peace, and strength in all. In His Spirit I went to rest.

'Wherever I was, and in whatsoever I did, my soul delighted in God: never had I deeper or more sweet manifestations of His gracious presence. I could not but praise Him, and thirst for more perfect union with Him! Surely this is the foretaste of glory! Oh if Christians did but rightly understand the nature, power, and extent of "the kingdom of God" in the soul, I am persuaded they would not rest satisfied with the bare pardon of sin, and some joy and peace, when they may have perfect and uninterrupted rest! If once sin be totally destroyed, and the spirit filled with the light and love of God, it is then neither hurt nor hindered by any person or

were at the very doors; and he has frequently said to a young man, 'My brother, if you live to the years of a man' (meaning three score and ten), 'you shall see these things.' I avoid inserting particularly his calculations and sentiments, because so many wise and good men before him have been mistaken on this head, for some generations past.—*Morgan.*

thing; but steadily goes on its heavenly journey; uniting to Christ more and more daily. "It does not yet appear what we shall be," even in this world.

'O Christ! what hast Thou done for me? What shall I say of or unto Thee? This I say, that I love Thee! Oh let it be with all my heart, and soul, and mind, and strength! At intercession I felt such a degree of the presence of God as utterly amazed me. O glorious Lord, how shall I bless Thee?

'My heart continually rested in God, and drank of the living waters; yea, my very body was supported by the joy wherewith my soul was refreshed: so that after preaching three times to-day, beside visiting the sick and well, my strength was more than when I arose in the morning.

'*Friday.*—A day of fasting.' (A frequent practice of his.) 'At prayer with Brother M——n, my soul was greatly humbled before God. Entire resignation, without much joy, was the state of my heart this day.

'*Saturday, March* 12, 1757.—Preparing for a short journey to-day, and laying up my books, I felt some little distraction. I could bless God, however, that I had not money to lay up. Alas! for the rich of this world! How are they to be pitied! How hardly can they be saved! Jesus, make and keep me poor in spirit; nor suffer this world ever to defile me. Suffer not my soul to cleave to the dust, but cause all my affections to flow towards Thyself. I would not live upon

earth. I desire, pray, and labour, that my heart may be in heaven, with Christ my Head.'

> Each act, each thought, he questions, What its weight,
> Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?
> And what it there appears, he deems it now;
> Hence pure are the recesses of his soul.

'*Sunday*, 13.—I conversed with one to-day who told me that for fourteen years last past she never found any unhappiness, but always rejoiced in the love of God. Before and after sacrament, I found such desire as almost made my heart break. My soul and flesh cried, mourned, and wept for the perfect love of God. There is a beauty and excellence in holiness which has quite won my heart.

'I felt a deep necessity of constant and habitual preparation for death.

'All day, both in reading, prayer, and conversation, I felt something of that promise, John iv. 14. I look for religion to possess and entirely to change me. I see and feel that Christianity is something divine, living, generous, powerful, and internal. It is God dwelling in the soul of man (2 Cor. vi. 16).

'*Friday*, 18.—I prayed and read till twelve. My body began then to complain. It does not like fasting; but my soul did banquet on the rich delicacies of the love and promises of God. I am in the way to heaven; but I want a heavenly nature—heaven within me. My soul can be satisfied with nothing less than God. Jesus, my blessed Jesus, let me ever esteem Thy blood and righteousness above the whole world!

Through Thee I come to God. By Thee I enter heaven; Thou art heaven.

'From the labour of this day I was truly tired in body; but thankful and serene in spirit. I had no ravishing joy nor overflowings of love.

'My heart was penetrated with the goodness and love of God. I see still more clearly that love is the fulfilling of the law—supreme, constant, and perfect love of God, and pure benevolent love to the whole of human kind.

Happy soul, when once renewed,
God in thee, and thou in God,
Only feel'st within thee move
Tenderness, compassion, love.
Love immense, and unconfined,
Love to all of human kind;
Love, which willeth all should live;
Love, which all to all would give;
Love, that over all prevails;
Love, that never, never fails;
Stand secure, for thou shalt prove
All th' eternity of love!

'There is, there can be, no higher, no better, no sweeter divinity than this, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!" O my soul, rest in this! Be satisfied and safe in the protecting, sanctifying, and reviving love of Immanuel, God with us.

'The 33rd chapter of Exodus came in my course of reading to-day. And oh what pleading and communion between Moses and his God! Happy man! who conversed with the glorious Jehovah face to face. And yet St. John seems to express something higher and sweeter than even this

(1st Epistle i. 3). For, certainly, eternal union with God, and a fullness of His Spirit, are more excellent than any external manifestation can be.

'This was one of my blessed days, wherein I had a foretaste of the powers and glory of the world to come.

'I retired a few minutes after five, to wait for the coming of Jesus. My soul is all desire after Christ. I am resolved to love and serve Him so as I have never yet done. Come, Holy Ghost, and kindle the fire within my breast.

'From a quarter after four this morning till ten, I spent in prayer and reading the Scriptures; and such humiliation of soul, such a sense of my vileness, I hardly ever felt. It was genuine, godly sorrow indeed; with a clear sight of the odiousness of sin. I believe the first time I ever sinned was brought to my remembrance. My head was as waters, and my heart as wax before the fire. But all the time I had a clear sense of the love of God; a witness that I was accepted in the Beloved; and all the day after my soul delighted itself in the Lord.

'I ought to esteem myself unworthy of any comfort; my sins having justly deserved damnation. The blood of Christ is of infinite value and efficacy; otherwise I should never be saved. Infirmities, so called, which once I passed over without much remorse, now appear heinous, black, and damnable; and if God did not bear witness with my spirit that they are all forgiven, they would sink me into misery. People are

seldom sufficiently sensible of the odiousness of pride, anger, internal concupiscence, or an inordinate love of the creature; together with the neglect of self-denial, and bearing the daily cross. These are overlooked; yea, some even plead for and attempt to justify them. Lord, let me never be an advocate for the devil. Give me grace heartily to love those who tell me of my faults. Search out my sin, till Thou find none. My whole trust is in the blood of Jesus. I have no other plea; for this one is enough: it will, it doth prevail with God, and bring my soul to glory.

'In my closet the former part of this day, it was made indeed a time of love. I felt such sweetness and divine felicity in my soul, and by faith beheld the glory of God in such a manner as words cannot describe. I saw and tasted God in all things. My Lord Jesus Christ appeared wonderful to me indeed (Isa. ix. 6). Praise, blessing, honour, glory, and thanksgiving be ascribed to the holy and adorable Trinity! What could I have believed, what understood of Thee, unless Thou, my Lord, hadst revealed it to me? Oh love divine! Oh the wisdom and power of God! Human tongue cannot express, nor angel minds conceive, how great and wonderful ye are in the saints; by whom God is glorified, and in whom Christ is justified by the Spirit (1 Tim. iii. 16); to whom heaven is, as it were, let down, and whom eternal glory momentarily awaits! They now drink of the rivers of pleasure, of the well of life; and are warmed with the beams of the

Divine Sun! They are delighted with praises, allured by pleasures, clothed with light, and filled with God. Hallelujah! Amen.'

The continued and progressive advancement of his soul in the knowledge of God is very discernible in the preceding sketch of his experience: although in the expression of it, and of what follows, in particular, he seems often at a loss for words; human language falling so far short of those things of God which can only be spiritually discerned. In those collections we see a soul peculiarly remarkable for a daily, serious, steady, exact, and uniform course of walking inwardly with God, and attending outwardly on all the precepts of the gospel. He poured out simply his thoughts from the standing treasury of his heart for his own sole use; for the more effectual promotion of his intercourse with God, and for the better adjustment of all his spiritual concerns.

> That ready, his last debt may pay,
> He summed his life up every day.

'1757.—I was up before five; read and prayed till I went to chapel. I felt much. The Lord knows what! In the evening we (the society) met together, in order to devote ourselves to God afresh, by renewing our covenant with Him. My soul was greatly humbled before God, and felt that for my backslidings He might justly have cast me off; for although I have not wickedly departed from my God, yet for my blots and shortcomings I was made to blush. Jesus,

however, I know, stands my Advocate; and because He lives, I live also.

'I rose early; and, after prayer and the sermon, communicated. The adorable Saviour gave me a taste of His sweetness and a sight of His glory. I read, prayed, and conversed with Christian friends the rest of the day; waiting for perfect love, and exhorting others earnestly to seek after the same. Surely nothing is so desirable as this—God in us, and the very perfection of gospel holiness. No man can be thoroughly blessed till this unmixed love of God purifies his heart and fills his whole soul.

'Although my employment is various, yet I refer all things to God.

'In all I did all day, God was my life, my joy, and my strength. His love was as fire within me. I never felt such a burning in my heart before. O Jesus, what hast Thou done for me!

'I saw this day, on a very trifling occasion, the necessity of having supernatural light, and a witness from God in all things, even of the common affairs of life, that I please Him. Some things occur which seem to be *in equilibrio*, so that one may reason for hours, and not be able to turn the scale. Oh may I never want light from God, whereby I may clearly discern what I ought to do and what avoid! And oh let me have Thy strength also; or the light that is in me will be turned to darkness; for, alas! I often see my way, but am lame, or drag on heavily. Yes,

> Experience but too plainly shows
> That man can act against the truth he knows.

'Happy the man who gives up all for Christ; who, having discovered that the favour and enjoyment of God is the "pearl of great price," sells all earthly loves, and longs that he may buy—freely receive the unspeakable gift of God.

'Soon after ten, I lay down, but could not sleep, through a deep and comfortable sense of the love of Christ. His Spirit rested upon me, and made my heart flame with love to my God and my All. It never entered into my heart to conceive the loving Him with all the heart till He revealed it to me by His Spirit.

'Throughout the whole of my progress, I feel that Satan is my enemy, but Jesus is my friend. I fear not then; my Lord will save me from every evil work, and preserve me to His heavenly kingdom.

'The fire of divine love burned incessantly in my soul. Yet I perceive I must still wear some of the marks of my captivity; namely, sickness, infirmity, and death. My soul would fain fly up to God; but I am yet detained. I conversed with some eminent Christians; and Jesus fulfilled His word, being with us of a truth.

'This day was as yesterday, and much more abundantly. Indeed, I can declare how greatly the Lord abased my soul, and broke me, as it were, in pieces. I could not perceive that any sin had place in me; but I wait for a stronger evidence that I am made pure in heart. O God, show me what by grace I am. Show me if there be pride, anger, or unbelief in my heart. Jesus,

Son of the living God, send down the Holy Ghost from the Father to bear me witness, and so to shine upon Thy own work. Humble and prove, but strengthen and comfort me too. I am Thine. There is not one doubt in my heart but Thou wilt save me for ever. I sing praises! *Te Deum* is sweet to me; so is the *Magnificat*, and the *Nunc Dimittis*. Oh what has God wrought for me! Jesus, Thou art my strength and righteousness! I am safe in Thee; Thou art my rock! Salvation is unto me for walls and bulwarks.

'Having preached on "obtained promises," and having met the society, I retired about ten. It was a festal day to my soul. I do feel from experience and Scripture that God has indeed changed my heart, and destroyed the works of the devil. My heart cried for humility and love—the whole mind of Christ.

'The love of God still increased more abundantly than ever; the fire burned vehemently within me. I saw more clearly that God had confirmed me in His favour; and that all was quietness and assurance for ever. I am astonished at the gift of God; and am willing, if it pleaseth Him, to be hated of all nations for His name's sake. I will sing of mercy and judgement.

'This day I was sorely tempted. Lord Jesus, Thou knowest what my temptations are. I would rather die than deny Thee by sinning against Thee. Thou seest my simple heart. Oh guard and cover my head! My enemies are many, subtle, and powerful, and malicious;

but Thou art greater than they all. O God, Thou art my friend and strong helper. I will trust, and not be afraid.

'I sensibly felt the Lord impressing His image on my soul. O perfect love! It is all in all in religion. I want it above everything, even this fullness of God in Christ.

> O shed it in my heart abroad,
> Fullness of love, of heaven, of God!

'The Lord gives me to drink of His love, as out of a river. All things work together for my good. May every one that is godly praise Him for this, and trust in His name for ever!

'I took to my bed, through violence of pain in my head and other symptoms of a fever. I resigned myself to God, and was unmoved. I wept with gratitude to my good God. My fever soon abated; and in the night I got rest. So graciously does He deal with me!

'At the Lord's table I had not only a clear witness that all was forgiven me, but likewise strong assurance that God had purified my heart by faith. My soul was deeply affected with His love. The blessed Jesus is present with and precious to me. Oh let my soul adore the Lord, and tell of His works with gladness. Let this be written for the generations to come.

'I love, rejoice, and give thanks. I can truly say that Thou, O Lord, art my God for ever and ever.

'I cannot be truly content but when I feel my heart penetrated with Thy goodness. I would

be always praising Thee, and telling of Thy love, O Jesus. Thou makest my cup to run over.

'I wept with a sense of the goodness of God to me, and found all my dependence on Christ—Christ alone! He makes me to rejoice in His salvation. His blood, and not my holiness or usefulness, is the only cause of my acceptance and final justification. Oh who can bear praise, and rejoice in contempt? Only he that is fully crucified with Christ. This is my aim, to burn and flame with pure love to God. Nothing less than the full enjoyment of Him shall ever satisfy me. Thy presence makes my heaven. Oh praise the Lord, ye servants of the Lord, all ye that do His pleasure. Why am I not lost in astonishment and love? Oh the goodness and condescension of the blessed Jesus!

'I was this day extremely ill in body; there was a burning all over my flesh. But God was the rest and life of my soul; who, notwithstanding my sickness, enabled me to continue in prayer and reading His word; yea, there was a burning of love in my heart. Oh may I sink into this boundless sea, and lose myself in God!

'Trials being just at hand, that word was remarkably applied to my heart, "I will be with thee in trouble."

'This afternoon, taking a view of my whole life, from my infancy, the manner of bringing me up, &c., I could not but admire and adore, with weeping, the goodness of God for His dealings with me. I was an ignorant, poor sinner;

having no knowledge of God, and little of this world. But the Lord looked upon me, and said unto me, Live! My soul doth praise and magnify His name for ever! Oh for an enlarged heart! Jesus, Thou art my strength.

'I believe great things are at hand for me. This was one of my best days. Nothing will satisfy me till John xiv. 23 is more fully than ever fulfilled in me: "And my Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." Jesus saith, "I come quickly." Lord Jesus, come! My soul burns with desire: I pant for the living God. Oh strengthen me to do always the things that please Thee. I believe Thou wilt fully and finally save me.

'Oh what a mystery is the love of Christ! How sweet a banquet! how delicious a wine! Lord, Thou hast ravished me with Thy love! Death is now sweet to me; and eternity affords me a most blessed and glorious hope. Oh what has God done for me! Holy Lord, accept of my heartiest praise, and the most perfect love that I at present can give.

'I feel the life which never shall have an end.

'Both my body and soul were affected with the great power of God resting upon me this day. My whole nature bowed before the present Deity; and His high praises were in my mouth. He said unto my soul, "Thou art made whole." I replied, "Lord, I believe."

'In the midst of a variety of critical circumstances, my conscience was kept pure. "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely." "And

what can harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

'My soul longs for fuller union with God; for more of the root and fruit of holiness, faith, and love. Oh let me lean on Thy breast, and kiss Thy feet! Keep me, my Lord, in Thy bosom.

'Humility was my delight this day. I feel within me that power of love which shall never fail. Jesus will be my full, my everlasting Saviour.

'All day my cup ran over. I came to my room both wet and weary, and lay down happy. My spirit still magnifies the Lord. I rest in Him. He giveth His beloved rest.

'To rejoice evermore is my portion under the sun. My heart dissolves with the goodness of God. Truly Thou art unto me "a place of broad rivers" (Isa. xxxiii.). Blessed be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! A stranger intermeddleth not with the happiness which I feel. The half cannot be told. Oh, it is heaven upon earth! After several exercises of faith, love, and prayer, I lay down in peace. My heart is full; and yet,

> A point my good, a drop my store;
> Eager I ask, and pant for more;
> So strong the principle divine!

'Oh how sweet it is to retire from the world; yea, even from converse with the holiest Christians to wait upon God alone; and to get closer acquaintance with the blessed Jesus! Happy the man that can go to God at any time, praying to Him with faith and fervency. My God, all my

soul cries aloud for more of Thy light and love. Manifest Thyself more fully within me!

'Lord, I know not that there is any one living that has greater cause to love and serve Thee in truth than myself; for Thy ways of love towards me have been, and still are, very wonderful. Oh how many sins hast Thou forgiven me! How many snares of the devil hast Thou broken and delivered me from! How many pains and afflictions hast Thou supported me under! How many fears and sorrows hast Thou, from time to time, banished from my heart! Thou hast given me also of Thy gifts; and, with reverence I speak it, Thou hast given me Thy grace. Thou hast sent me to preach Thy word, and given me favour in the eyes of the people; neither have I spent my strength in vain. I believe, Lord, Thou hast given me Thyself; and that Thou wilt give me, in and with Thee, both grace and glory!

Come, Lord, Thy Spirit bids Thee come;
Give me Thyself, and take me home;
Be now the glorious earnest given.
The counsel of Thy grace fulfil,
Thy kingdom come, Thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

'I retired to fast; and poured out my heart for my own soul, for the church of God, and for mankind in general; that God would reform the whole world. Days of fasting become sweet to me. I find more and more delight in them. But by grace I am saved. Jesus is my righteousness. Through faith in His blood, I offer myself, and all I do, to Him. The favour of God I obtained

by His death; the image of God is stamped upon my heart by His Spirit; and through His intercession I obtain everlasting life. And yet will He reward every man according to his works.

'I was this day sensibly convinced of the danger of following impulses of any kind, unless supported by the express authority of Scripture. Nature and Satan suggest a variety of things which, having a show of truth and goodness, often lead persons into extravagance and error. It seems, however, a sure rule that whatsoever promotes or increases purity and meekness, love towards God and our neighbour, must be from heaven. And whatsoever does not tend to this ought to be rejected. But oh what need is there here of spiritual discernment to distinguish between the real graces of the Holy Ghost, and the counterfeit appearances of the devil and self-love! God of truth and love, lead and establish my soul in the paths of justice, mercy, and truth, and humility. Make me of quick understanding in Thy fear; nor leave me a moment to my own wisdom or strength. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Praise the Lord, O my soul!

'I adore Thee, O my God, that Thou hast made it lawful for me to pray to Thee. Oh how great is Thy condescension, to regard such a poor creature as I! I will extol Thy goodness, O Lord, my King.

'All day long my heart burned with the love of God. My desires were unutterable; but He who

knows the mind of the Spirit will grant me all my petitions.

'I had close trials; but the consolations of God were so many and so strong that I was borne above them. My body and soul were exceedingly strengthened by the divine grace. The baptism of fire I experience more than ever. But still I am a poor creature.

'Oh how soon will this dream of life be ended! Lord, I long to see Thee as Thou art. Give me patience, gracious Lord.

'For about two hours in my room, I found such communion with God as my pen cannot write. No, it is beyond the power of words to describe the happiness which I felt. Alas! that men should be so ungrateful to God, and such enemies to their own souls, as not to seek happiness in Jesus. Oh the delight of a soul fully united to God.

'At His table the Lord met me this day in a wonderful manner. My whole frame was so affected and overpowered that I was ready to resign my soul into His hands.

'I was still more deeply sensible of God's presence. My desire was so strong that it even pained my breast exceedingly. Indeed, I cannot tell what I then felt. It was the work of God; but He knows in what manner and degree. The fire spread; the light shined; and the power wrought: in short, "God within me lived!" Sing a new song, O my soul; sing with a mighty voice. Proclaim to angels and men the goodness of the Lord. Jesus, help me to praise Thee yet more and more!

'I met with several trials to-day; but it was given me to bear them cheerfully, and to praise the Lord, who has given me integrity of heart, and simplicity of intention, in all my ways. Lord, I love Thee. I will praise Thy name yet more, even for ever and ever!

'Oh how plain it is that God reveals to babes those gracious things which are hidden from the wise and prudent! so doth He magnify His mercy, and stain the pride of human glory. In my closet I wept much that I may be more filled with God than ever.

'I thirsted and prayed this day to be with Him. My whole soul was in a flame for God. Oh for more faith, to see Him continually!

'Lord, I am sorely tempted; but Thou comfortest me.

'I am happy in Thy love. Still open Thy kingdom more fully and powerfully within me.

'In all things I come short; but I have the testimony of a good conscience.

'I stand as in the presence of God. The awe of God, I feel, rests upon my soul. Oh how dreadful, and yet how joyful, is this place! Lord Jesus, Thou art Immanuel, God with *me*!

'I mourned for the sins of the people, and found a willingness even to lay down my life, if that would save them from hell. Many wept and trembled. Oh the depths of love in God!

'I felt this day an ardent desire to suffer for His name's sake, though I am conscious of my own weakness.

'Being much disturbed by dreams, I rose early,

and called upon God. I continued reading, praying, and weeping till seven in the evening. I was mollified and deeply humbled. My soul adored Immanuel, and desired to die, rather than offend Him. O Holy Ghost, abide with and in me for ever! A short sentence which occurred this day in reading, and which I made the subject of discourse, deeply affected me; namely,

אלהים אתה אלי

'O God, Thou art my God. Blessed be Thy majesty, and exalted be Thy name. Let the earth and heavens praise and proclaim Thy greatness and glory. Jesus, I love and adore Thee! My soul's delight is in Thee!

'I was told of some who talked evil of me. I prayed for myself and for them; and truly the love of God was as a mighty fire in my soul. Oh what a heaven is this!

'Although love and joy lived and flowed in me, yet I wept and made supplication, being strongly tempted by the devil. Ah, Lord, Thou knowest my state and trials. My desire is before Thee, and my groanings are not hidden from Thee. Hast not Thou made me pure, and sealed me Thine for ever? Shine on Thy work, and bear Thy witness with my heart. Suffer not Thy servant to be of a doubtful mind.

'I had a most comfortable morning: God did indeed bless, comfort, and establish my soul. And I continued in this fervour of love all the day.

'I see that I ought to be much in prayer for the

Holy Ghost. I plainly perceive that to be taught by Him for one hour is more profitable to the soul than many days spent in reading.

'I was extremely ill with pain in my bowels. However, I visited and exhorted the people; and God gave me entire resignation.

'I spent several hours in private, begging of God to enable me to fulfil the law of love. I feel, so as I cannot write, the extent of Christian obedience. How deep, how wide!

'Oh what a day of trial and consolation was this! Deliver me, O Lord, from the strife of tongues, and from the ungodly, who are a sword of Thine. I found in retirement this day sore struggles and deep consolation.

'Oh how great is the profit of simple prayer, and diligent reading of the holy Scriptures! They are, I find, of singular service to me. My soul is calmed, sweetened, melted, invigorated, and sensibly strengthened, in the exercise of these holy duties. I weep and pray, and give thanks; yet still I want deeper repentance, and much more humility. I would be penetrated with the sense of my own helplessness; and I do not find power equal to my will. I live, however, by faith, and find God unspeakably and continually present.

'My soul was solidly happy, and longing for humility this day. I desire to be simple, and filled more abundantly with love to God and my neighbour.

'I never felt such gratitude to God as I did this day for bringing me from the idolatry of the Romish Church. My heart was grieved in reading

some of their horrid doctrines[1] about saints and images. O God, Thou hast done this for me; and Thou hast done many thousand things beside for me; and now, I beseech Thee, do this for me—give me an humble, thankful, and penitent heart.

'This was a feast and a fast day to my soul. All the ordinances of God are exceedingly precious and profitable to me.

'I was all day deeply engaged with God: I wept much, and prayed earnestly, yet I had not much joy. I had a full and firm confidence that He would fulfil His word of promise to my soul. My weakness can do nothing without Thy power. I lay hold of Thy strength, and offer myself to Thy holy will. Oh let me glorify Thee, as well by suffering as by doing.

'This morning I met with a woman, where I breakfasted, who was exceedingly happy in God. A few weeks ago, I met her in the same place; but she was then utterly dead and careless. I spoke plainly to her; and at parting, after prayer, said, "I pray God, you may never rest till you rest in Christ." The words were applied to her heart, and her burden increased every day, so that she was brought almost to black despair, when God revealed His love in her heart. She could now scarce tell it through weeping. Oh what a God is the God of the Christians!

[1] He was, about this time, employed partly in reading Bishop Usher's famous Disputation with the Jesuit in Ireland. And of this book he says, 'I cannot think that a Papist who has learning, and the fear of God, can, after reading it, remain in the errors of Popery.'

'In prayer my soul was happier than ever in the thought, "I shall live with God for ever."

'Dullness and wandering would creep upon me, but prayer scatters every obstacle.

'*Sunday, January* 1, 1758.—We met at four; and after prayer, I preached on Ps. xc. 12. We had the good Mr. —— at the chapel, whose humility and fervour more than compensated for the irregularity of his sermon. I have had much more happiness on other days than on this Sabbath, though not more sincerity and resignation. I feel my weakness, and confess my ignorance; and implore the wisdom and power of God.

'After being some hours in my room, the fire from heaven went through me, and I could praise the Lord continually for His goodness to me. I find such an impression of His power and love as cannot be expressed in words.

'This whole Sabbath was both a delight and honourable to me. Such revelations of God's goodness, such manifestations of His Spirit, and such operations of His love, I never felt. My very outward man was affected and refreshed. It cannot be declared what I then felt. Oh there is much in these words, "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Whatsoever I did, the Lord made it to prosper. O holy Father, let all the host of heaven praise and adore Thy name!

'As I walked through the street, He inflamed my heart with desire to live to Him more than ever I had done.

'God is love. This is the foundation of all my hopes. I feel much shame because of my infirmities; but I have also sweet consolations.

'My joy has not been to-day as much as the last Lord's day; but my faith is more confirmed.

'I was seized with a violent pain in my stomach, and was exceedingly ill. However, by the mercy and power of God, I went through the duties of the day with delight; and I could thank God for pain, so as I never could before.

'As I read my Greek Testament this morning, my soul magnified the Lord for the description and progress of His work contained in the Acts of the Apostles. And while I am now writing, my soul is so cheered with the fire of love as I cannot describe unless to such as experience the same.

'Lord, I have not publicly preached for Thee this day' (which was indeed an unusual thing with him); 'but I have had many blessings from Thee, and my heart has been in Thy work. I beseech Thee, bless the labours of Thy more faithful servants whom I have heard.

'I have great cause to praise God that I am free from worldly care. Surely I was appointed to this work in which I am engaged. Oh that I may obtain mercy of the Lord to be found faithful! O Jesus, plead Thou my cause in the heavens, and fill me with Thy grace here upon earth. All my hope of heaven stands in Thee! Oh show me if there be aught in me which Thou abhorrest. And let me hear Thee say, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

'Oh that I could love and obey, as fast as I

learn. Truth appears to me every day with new lustre: new springs are opened, and the best wine kept until the last.

'When, blessed God, shall I worthily magnify Thee?

'*February* 18.—This was a day of close trial. But my God doubly comforted me.

'*Sunday*, 19.—After asking help from God, I preached my farewell sermon' (farewell indeed! it was the last he preached in London, and the last day of his being there) 'at the Foundery, from Acts xx. 32: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." And in the evening I bade them farewell at the chapel in West Street, from Col. ii. 6: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." In all the duties of the day, public and private, God was exceedingly gracious to me. I believe I never felt such strength of love. I was in truth "sick of love." I could not sufficiently praise Him. All words came far short of what I felt. Lord, Thou has given me much favour in the eyes of this people. They show it by words and deeds; yea, prayers and tears! Reward them a thousandfold. Bring me safe to Bristol, that there I may show forth the praises of the Lord, and declare Thy righteousness and Thy salvation. Amen, Lord Jesus.

'*Monday*, 20.—After prayer with our family, I set out in the machine.[1] I read my Hebrew

[1] Stage-coach.

Psalter and the *Christian's Pattern*. I found great tranquillity of mind, and my spirit was refreshed with the goodness of God. I conversed with three gentlemen, my companions in the coach, on divine subjects. I prayed earnestly to God before I set out that my fellow travellers might not swear or curse; and the Lord heard me; for so it was, they rather approved of Scripture subjects and studies. Oh the joy of a good conscience, and the rest which the soul finds in the love of God! The Lord supplies the absence of friends, and all things that are dear to us. His presence makes our paradise. It is not where but what we are which is the great matter.[1]

'*Thursday*, 23.—At Bristol I met Mr. W. T., under whose preaching' (as has been related) 'God gave me the clear witness of His forgiving love. Our meeting was for the better. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." We remembered the years of the right hand of the Most High; and how the Lord filled our mouths with laughter when He brought back our captivity. Lord, bless this man, and make him faithful in all things! And now that I am come to this city to preach the gospel of the kingdom, and spend my life and strength in Thy service, assist me, O Lord, and make Thy goodness known to me. Give me wisdom and strength. Oh help me, Lord Jesus, to glorify Thy name. Amen.

[1] Wesley says in November, 1763 (*Works*, xiii. 360): 'Before Mr. Walsh left England God began that great work which has continued ever since, without any considerable intermission.'

'The Lord is my life and my salvation. He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

'I read through to-day the Epistle of St. James. And I do not wonder that the proud, the sensual, and the lovers of the world, yea, all the ungodly of the earth, should find fault with it. In prayer with the family, the Spirit was poured out from on high upon us, and great grace rested upon us all.

'After prayer this morning, I began and read through, in Greek and Latin, the Second Epistle to Timothy, and found much instruction and reproof for my soul. Oh what a man ought a minister to be! how holy and how wise! What courage, zeal, patience, and temperance are necessary for him in an especial manner, in order to give account of himself and others to God with joy!

'O God, my life, make me fully a partaker of my hope.

'Preaching on 1 John iv. 18, my mind was more clearly enlightened than ever to see that "perfect love" is Christian perfection. By simple, but powerful faith, I desire to attain it; and to live and grow in this love till my spirit returns to God.'

With such desires and in such meditations as these did he spend his days and nights, longing and sighing for the sight of God continually; and in his prayers, the violence of his affections did not a little increase the weakness of his body.

His last illness may be dated from February 24, 1758, a few days after his arrival at Bristol, from London, in his way to Ireland. After preaching twice as usual, and studying hard all day, he was seized with violent pains in his head, and in all his bones. He, however, rose the next morning at his usual time, and preached: retiring afterwards to his daily exercises, but still feeling the pressure of the disorder. 'My body,' says he, 'trembled with weakness; but my soul was happy in God!'

He avoided yielding to his pains, and proceeded in his Lord's work as usual for several days; till at length he was constrained to take his bed. Here he was confined for several days; and taking exact notice (as his disorder admitted) of the state of his heart, according to his constant custom, and growing something better, he wrote, from the fullness of his heart, his state and sentiments during that time, as follows:

'*Saturday, March* 4.' (This day he took his bed.) 'Good is Thy will, O Lord. Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth. Thou reignest in righteousness; though no man can know love or hatred by all that is before him. (Eccles. ix. 1.) Thou givest account of Thy ways to none: but assurest the righteous that "it shall be well with him"; and that Thy corrections are with this design, that we might partake of Thy holiness. I am in Thy hands, O my God: work Thy perfect will in me, and sustain me in this trial. I call upon Thee in the day of trouble; and believe Thou wilt deliver me, and that I shall glorify

Thee, and praise Thee yet more and more. Thus ' (as he concludes), ' I went to bed very il , and happy.

' *Sunday*, 5.—My illness continued and increased. I had not much consolation, but was graciously preserved from buffetings. *Monday*, 6. —I continued in soul as yesterday, only with more examination. *Tuesday*, 7.—I had scarcely any alteration in body or soul. I cried to God, and He heard me ; but the sweet and usual returns of prayer were not. *Wednesday*, 8.— God gave me to weep for the sins of my whole life. *Thursday*, 9.—My pains and pleasures, corporeal and spiritual, were as the day before. *Friday*, 10.—I had more consolation of soul. *Saturday*, 11.—The spirit of prayer was plentifully imparted to me. I could plead the mercies, and promises, and merits of God my Saviour ; and His love and joy were more plentifully poured into my soul. *Sunday*, 12.—I had gracious intimations of the goodwill of God towards me in this sickness.

' *Monday*, 13.—I was able to read and pray, and advise friends to love God, and seek Him in good earnest while they had strength. *Tuesday*, 14.—I was better still, and prayed for the increase of holy love in the children of God, and for the propagation of the faith in all nations.'

Besides this brief and daily minuting down the state of his soul, he, on a general review (as was his constant manner on these occasions) of the whole, has, among several other particulars, the following observations ; which I mention the rather, since,

beside other uses which may be gathered therefrom, it is consistent with the design of the work —the best means of conceiving of the man as he really was.

'I had a constant witness from the Holy Ghost that I was a child of God. However, the sins of my life were really brought to my remembrance; particularly those of my heart; the manifold backslidings known only to God. For although God preserved me from falling, even once, into those sins in which I lived in the days of my ignorance; nevertheless I saw my pride, desire, self-will, self-indulgence, levity, and mis-spending time.[1] I may add to these my want of love to God, charity to my neighbour, and more serious concern for my own soul. I saw how wonderfully the Lord had dealt with me, raising me from the dust, and giving me so many and invaluable blessings; so that I ought, more than all men, to serve and love Him.

'I was, moreover, deeply convinced how possible, yea, easy it is for a person, after having received great light, love, power, and joy, to fall, notwithstanding, into a certain dullness of soul; and that holy desires, vehement thirstings after God, and the spirit of prayer, may be lessened and lost. Truly, we can keep nothing, unless the Holy Ghost help our infirmities continually.

'But the grand lesson of all, which in this little interval I learned, was, the absolute necessity of

[1] So severe a judge was he of himself; while, in the judgement of all who knew his manner of life, he was exemplarily remarkable for the direct contrary of what he here charges himself with.—*Morgan.*

being free from persons, things, and places. I saw what a tendency the soul has to rest in something beside God. I saw that even when we give up our beloved sins, and all temporal things, we are nevertheless apt to rest in the gifts and graces of God ; making them, as it were, our Saviour and Comforter, instead of Christ. Abraham's dwelling in tents (Heb. xi.) was explained to me in a manner which I never before conceived.

' I saw, farther, how deeply the love of life and learning had been rooted in my heart ; and that God saw it necessary to correct me often, to show me the vanity of both.

' I believe He is resolved to save my soul to the uttermost ; and He uses various ways to accomplish this end. I believe this sickness will be of great service to my soul ; and perhaps of more use to the children of God than my labours could be. My desire is only to live wholly to Him, and to get more of the love and life of Christ. Lord, look upon me, a weak and inconstant man, and strengthen and establish my heart with Thy love.

' In exhorting the believers, I found much of divine consolation. Oh how sweet were these two hours ; and how short ! Love is a wonderful thing.

' *Sunday*, 26.—I was in a high fever ; yet when I got with the family, I forgot my pain, while we conversed of the love of God. It being Easter Day, I examined what I had gained since last Easter. And I trust God has given me more humility, patience, and likeness to Himself.'

He was detained at Bristol, through his illness, longer than he had intended ; and was but slightly recovered, when he was told of a ship just ready to sail for Cork. Being resolved on the journey, and willing to embrace the very first opportunity, weak as he was, he embarked at Pill on April 13. The passage was extremely dangerous ; insomuch that the mariners themselves looked for nothing less than perishing, so boisterous were the winds and seas. But see the blessedness of being Christians indeed ; true believers in Christ ! Though they expected every moment to go to the bottom of the great deep, 'yet God,' says he, 'gave me more faith, and patience, and joy, than ever I felt before. I could not see death terrible to me. I prayed and praised God incessantly : for I could not sleep an hour while on board ; and neither could I eat. But Christ was with me in all, and supported me. I pleaded with the Lord in behalf of the passengers, beseeching Him that He would not take them away in their sins. They cried out vehemently, "We are not fit to die." On their account I did not desire to sleep. I cried aloud to God in prayer, in the cabin ; and they gladly attended *then*. On Saturday the wind abated ; and the next day we landed safe in Cork.'

On my hearing of his arrival (being then in the county, and it being many months since we parted at London), I hastened to see him ; and can never forget the idea which the first sight of him gave me, of a man in deep 'fellowship with God.' On my opening his room door, and just appearing,

he got up from his chair, being in deep contemplation; and, with a spirit and countenance composed and solemn as the grave, he said, with a low voice, 'God bless you.' We embraced each other with tears; after which, kneeling down, he prayed, as to a present God indeed! with such melting and moving expressions and with such reverential confidence as surpassed all that I had known and admired in him before; and plainly discovered his having entered, since we parted, much farther into 'the holiest, by the blood of Jesus.'

During the time he stayed here, I was a daily witness of his manner of life; and saw with much concern his swift approaching end. He had most of the symptoms of a consumption in its last stage; which increased upon him every day. 'The silver cords of life began to loosen, and the golden bowl,' the whole of this wonderful and curiously-wrought machine, to 'be broken.' He had an intermitting fever, which returned regularly every day about eleven o'clock; an habitual cough, and most profuse night-sweats; all which had now so emaciated and weakened him that the marks of death already appeared upon him. And yet, notwithstanding this, he still so desired to discourse of the things of eternity that, while he was at all able to stand, or speak, he could not be persuaded from preaching: and although he brought into the pulpit the very image of death upon his face, so that it could hardly be expected he should speak ten minutes, he has nevertheless preached a full hour, to the astonishment of all

who heard him. One would have thought he must have dropped down dead immediately after.

His internal state, still the object of his close attention during his continuance at Cork, where there is reason to believe he began first to think this sickness would be unto death, he summarily expresses thus:

'*Saturday, April* 29.—My soul truly waiteth upon God. My body feels pain and weakness; but my soul enjoys the living fire of the Holy Ghost! Oh may I die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His! I wait for Thy salvation, O Lord. Weak I am, but cannot be removed while Jesus is my strength. Oh that every pain may but increase my love to God! I am supported by the fire within, and by believing that Jesus is at the right hand of God.'

The time being come which he had appointed for leaving Cork, and going on to Limerick, being attended by his own brother, another friend and I accompanied him a dozen miles on the way. At the inn where we stopped, he discoursed to us at dinner of the things pertaining to the life of a Christian, respecting particular instances of conduct; but his weakness prevented him from saying as much as we could have desired. I shall never forget our parting. The other persons being gone downstairs, after he had said some particular things to me, we kneeled down and prayed together, for the last time. We then took our final farewell of each other in this world. He went on his way, and I went mine; each of

us expecting to meet no more till we meet in happier climes, and in a better world.

I do not find that from this time he kept any further account, in writing, of the daily state of his soul; owing, I am inclined to think, to the violence of his disorder, which increased now almost every hour, and which weakened and impaired the faculties of his mind, as well as the strength of his body. Hence, beholding things through so defective a medium, he became, in reality, an unfit judge of his own state. The influence which this kind of disorder in particular frequently has upon the powers of the mind is well known, even to the representing things which concern one's self and others often directly contrary to what they really are.

He had the judgement and advice of the best physicians, wherever he came; who, on the slightest intimation, offered their assistance with all cheerfulness, neither expecting nor desiring any other gratuity than (as one of them once expressed) 'the prayers of Mr. Walsh.' They generally agreed that his disorder was brought on through excessive labour, frequent and loud preaching, intense application to study, want of proper and sufficient rest, and fatigue in general. They likewise judged that his case was now past all remedy.[1]

[1] Wesley says in his *Journal*, June 17, 1758: 'I met Thomas Walsh once more in Limerick, alive, and but just alive. Three of the best physicians in these parts have attended him, and all agree that it is a lost case; that by violent straining of his voice, added to frequent colds, he has contracted a pulmonary consumption, which is now in the last stage, and consequently

It was, however, judged advisable that he should be removed from Limerick to the more free and open air of the country. He went thither accordingly, where he had the tenderest and most affectionate attendance, with whatsoever was judged most proper to alleviate the rigour of the disease, and restore him, if God should so please, to health. But it was now too late! And his friends perceiving that neither air nor physic availed anything, they, according to his own inclination and desire, removed him to Dublin. His next remove was to the city of the Great King, the paradise of God!

Concerning the state of his soul for a few months before his death, as he wrote nothing on the head during that time, we can speak with less certainty than of what has been already related; and, embarking for England soon after we parted, I neither saw nor heard anything particularly concerning him till a letter brought the tidings of his being no more in this world. But from the accounts of persons of undoubted veracity, who attended him during that time, we learn that his state was not indeed joyous, but grievous. He drank of his Lord's cup of sorrow, and was, in truth, deeply baptized with His baptism. He was immerged in affliction's furnace, and plunged in the deepest waters.

He was tempted, and sorely buffeted of the devil. The nature of his disorder exposed him

beyond the reach of any human help. Oh what a man, to be snatched away in the strength of his years! Surely Thy judgements are a great deep!' (See *Works*, xii. 331.)

to a degree of precipitancy and discomposure, which he was more than superior to while in better health. In short, so did the wisdom of God permit, that through the malice of Satan, the extreme violence of the disorder of his body, and the concurrence of several other circumstances, this servant of God was brought to the utmost extremity of spiritual distress and anguish of soul, consistent with keeping the faith at all; insomuch that it was but few degrees removed from despair of his salvation.

His great soul lay thus, as it were, in ruins, for some considerable time; and poured out many a heavy groan, and speechless tear, from an oppressed heart and dying body. He sadly bewailed the absence of Him whose wonted presence had so often given him the victory over the manifold contradictions and troubles which he endured for His name's sake. The intervals which he had of cessation from the conflict, and of comparatively quiet confidence in God, are not perhaps so well known; but that he had such, may well be supposed; for otherwise his soul and flesh must needs have failed before God.

It was, however, not until a short time before his complete and eternal deliverance that his Lord appeared to his help; and by making Himself known as Jesus, his well-known Saviour, entirely eased the anguish of his oppressed soul. The beams of His brightness dispersed the clouds; and the smiles of His countenance more than compensated for all his night of sorrow. He

spoke, and said unto him, 'The winter is past; arise, my love, and come away!'

The manner of his deliverance was as follows: A few friends being at prayer with him, on Sunday evening, as soon as they concluded, he desired to be left a one, in order, as he said, 'to meditate a little.' They withdrew; and he remained deeply recollected for some time: just then, God dropping into his soul, no doubt, some lively foretaste of the joys to come, and spreading the day of eternity through the regions of his inward man, he at length burst out in transport, and pronounced, in a dying voice indeed, but with the joy of angels, 'He is come! He is come! My Beloved is mine, and I am His! His for ever!' and, uttering these words, he sweetly breathed out his soul into the arms of his Beloved, on April 8, 1759, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age.[1]

The Occasion of His Dying Conflicts.

The Rev. Melville Horne says:

'Soon after his ordination, Mr. Fletcher preached a sermon at West Street Chapel, in which he made some remarks on the dying hours of good

[1] John Wesley never ceased to cherish the memory of this saint of Ireland. In January, 1761, he writes (*Works*, xii. 206): 'I have sometimes wondered that not one of all the clergymen we have known should ever cleave to me, for God's sake; nor one man of learning, which would ease me exceedingly. Tommy Walsh designed it;

But death had quicker wings than love.

Perhaps it was not best; because I am so immeasurably apt to pour out all my soul into any that loves me.' When Dr. Coke was raised up to help him, Wesley tells his brother 'He is now such a right hand to me as Thomas Walsh was.'

men. He supposed that some comparatively weak believers might die most blessedly; and some strong ones, for the further purification of their faith, or for reasons inscrutable to us, might have tremendous conflicts. At the meeting of the bands, that excellent man, Mr. Thomas Walsh, opposed this doctrine, and told him he thought it bore hard against God's justice, faithfulness, and covenant love to His servants. Mr. Fletcher modestly observed that God's wisdom was sovereign and inscrutable; and though he was sorry he had given offence, yet he could not, with a good conscience, retract what he had said. With some degree of warmth (the constitutional failing of Mr. Walsh) he replied, "Be it done unto you according to your faith, and be it done unto me according to mine." Here the matter rested. In about two years Mr. Walsh died; and so very severe were his dying conflicts that they produced a very strong sensation among his brethren, and in none more than in Mr. Fletcher. In April, 1759, he wrote thus to Mr. Charles Wesley: "With a heart bowed down with grief, and eyes bathed in tears, occasioned by our late heavy loss, I mean the death of Mr. Walsh, I take my pen to pray you to intercede for me. What! that sincere, laborious, and zealous servant of God! was he saved only as by fire? and was not his prayer heard till the twelfth hour was just expired? Oh where shall I appear? I, who am an unprofitable servant? Would to God my eyes were fountains of water to weep for my sins! Would God I might pass the rest of my

days in crying, Lord, have mercy on me! All is vanity—grace, talents, labours—if we compare them with the mighty stride we have to take into eternity!"

'His own sermon, Mr. Walsh's remarks, and distressing end, made a lasting impression on Mr. Fletcher's mind. Often did he speak of it with amazement to Mrs. Fletcher, and would conclude with saying, "Be it our care to lead holy lives: the comfort of our deaths we must leave with the Lord, who will do all things well."

'I need not advert to the triumphant end with which the Lord saw good to crown his humble faith; but in justice to that wonderful man, Mr. Walsh, who, in the short space of nine years, from nineteen to twenty-eight, ran a race of piety and ministerial labour which shames ninety-nine out of a hundred of Christ's ministers, I must undraw a veil, which, for certain reasons, Mr. James Morgan thought prudent to draw over the closing hours of his friend, that some clue may be given to what appears inexplicably mysterious. And, no doubt, the knowledge Mr. Fletcher afterwards had of the causes which led to, and in some degree explained, the conflicts his friend suffered, did greatly lessen his astonishment.

'Mr. Walsh had offered his hand to a pious woman among the Methodists, whom he considered as a widow. She respectfully declined it, saying, though she had not seen her husband for seven years, and had some reason for thinking him dead, yet, until she had better authority to go on, she deemed it her duty not to alter her state. In

this very sufficient reason, Mr. Walsh cheerfully acquiesced. And here the business should have rested. But unhappily the good woman could not keep her own secret. She imparted it to Mr. Wesley, who hated all secrets, and could keep none. Michael Fenwick spread it abroad; and circumstances were so misrepresented that Thomas Walsh fell into great and undeserved reproach. His preachings, fastings, hard studies, and the incessant labours of a mind, which, like a sharp sword, cuts its scabbard, had brought him far into consumption. He wished to breathe his native air, and for a while to repose, until he could again resume his labours. He was to embark at Bristol: after preaching till he was bathed in perspiration, Mr. C. Wesley, to whom every exaggerated report had been made, took him out to walk in private, in a keen east wind. There he got a violent cold, and was distressed beyond measure to be told that his conduct, in the transaction I have reported, had done more harm to religion than his life and labours had honoured it. Under these trying circumstances of mind, and dangerous state of health, he embarked for Ireland. There he found very unkind family friends, who would dispute with a dying man. His physicians proved unskilful; and as they could do nothing for him, they declined doing what he proposed. Depressed by disease, labouring under unmerited reproach, severely judged by some he best loved, and grieved to the soul to think that religion should be stabbed through his side, his faith fainted, his patience forsook him, and he complained

bitterly, "his physicians were ignorant and his friends cruel." Now was the hour of the power of darkness. Satan, who had often fallen before the lightning of his doctrine, and who could not stand against his praying faith, rallied his broken powers, and led them, reinforced by the black troops of death, to a final conflict.

'The God of patient Job permitted his malice to accuse, and his subtlety for a while to stagger, his dying servant. Driven to the brink of despair, his eye was still raised to Him "who was lifted up to draw all men to Him." Again joy beamed from his eye, and lighted up his ghastly countenance: he sprang up in his bed, clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!" Thus died this brave soldier of Jesus Christ.'

Thomas Jackson adds:

Such is Mr. Horne's account; and, in the absence of contrary evidence, its general accuracy may be admitted, especially as Mr. John Wesley says, 'There were some circumstances, not commonly known, which easily account for the darkness he went through before he went to paradise.' But the view which it gives of Charles Wesley's conduct in the affair is unquestionably at variance with fact. The most fastidious censor could not find in the part which Mr. Walsh acted any just ground of blame. He understood that the lady was a widow; and when he was told that he was in error, he immediately acquiesced in her decision, and withdrew his suit. What could he

do more? To reprove a dying man, who had long given proof of the utmost purity of character, for a mere mistake, as if he had been guilty of immorality, would have been an outrage upon every principle of charity, justice, and humanity. Happily for Mr. Charles Wesley's memory, we have direct proof that he did not treat his afflicted friend in the cruel and unfeeling manner which is imputed to him. On the contrary, as might have been expected, considering the kindness of his heart, he did everything in his power to soothe and cheer the suffering man, whose extraordinary abilities and high moral worth he duly appreciated. During Mr. Walsh's stay in Bristol, he showed him every mark of attention and tender sympathy; he corresponded with him in the same spirit after Mr. Walsh had gone to Ireland; and, by his affectionate letters, he greatly alleviated the pain and anguish which he could not remove. Of this we have the most unexceptionable proof—the testimony of Mr. Walsh himself. Two letters, written by him from Ireland, and addressed to Mr. Charles Wesley, have been preserved, as if on purpose to disprove Mr. Horne's injurious allegation; and, as they illustrate this part of Mr. Walsh's personal history, as well as that of his friend, they are here given entire. The first was written just after the afflicted man had left Bristol; the other, six months later.

'CORK, *April* 17, 1758.

'REV. AND DEAR SIR,

'God has all power; therefore we arrived safe

here on the Saturday next after I left Bristol. We were tossed with tempest; I may say, a day and a night in the deep; for the sea ran over the vessel. But, as you prayed, Jesus was in the ship. He was my support, and did strengthen and comfort my heart. Oh that I could praise and love Him, and live more to the glory of His name! Trials make Christ precious to us.

'Dear sir, how shall I sufficiently thank you for all your kindness? I know it is God that gave us union and love. To the prayer of faith nothing is impossible. I trust love will abound.

'Mr. Hopper is here, and is well, and God has prospered him. Mr. Wesley is still in Dublin, but intends to leave it next week.

'It would give me a singular pleasure to hear from you, and to hear dear Mrs. Wesley and the child are well. When you write to her, I request you would give my best respects, and to any of those good friends I saw at your house, especially Mrs. Grinfield. I find such union with Bristol people as I never found before; and as to London saints, they are written in my mind. Yet it is very uncertain whether I shall see them till the resurrection of the just. If you please to write to me, direct for me at Mr. Thomas Jones's, merchant, in Cork.

'Dear sir, requesting your prayers and service, I am your truly affectionate and dutiful son.'

'ROSMEAD, *October* 9, 1758.

'REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

'Your letter was very refreshing to me; and

while I read it the power of God rested on me. But truly I am ashamed that you should speak in such language to me. It is certain I pray earnestly for you, being moved thereto, not by a mere sense of duty, but by hearty love, and a remembrance of your kindness.

'My spiritual state is this: First, I have a constant assurance of the favour of God. Secondly, a steadfast confidence that my present afflictions will work together for my good. Thirdly, that whenever God calls me hence, Jesus will receive my spirit. Fourthly, I am tried to the uttermost. All the grace God has given me can hardly bear the pains I feel. Indeed, my soul is often sorrowful. I grieve, though not enough, that my love to God is so little; and that I do not desire more earnestly to be with Christ. Yet I live by faith, and constantly pray for submission and thankfulness. In prayer my soul is often enlarged; and I am led much to pray that the God of patience and consolation would give all His children to be likeminded: I mean, chiefly, that they should love one another. Ah, Lord! why do not Thy children love and agree, as Thou hast given them commandment, and even prayed that they should? When will Thy prayer be answered? Well, blessed Jesus, we shall agree in Thy presence.

'It is long since I wrote a letter; but you have constrained me. I am worse and worse as to my disorder. I have a violent cough, profuse nightsweats, a high and almost continual fever, wind in my stomach. Finally, every part is pained in

its turn. But to this day the Lord has not shown me clearly whether this sickness be unto death. Oh that I may be always ready!

'My strength fails me. I can only add a thousand loves and respects to my friends at Bristol. Upon you, my dear sir, and the kind wife of your bosom, and all that belong to you, may the blessing of God for ever abide! Shall I hear again from you?

'I am, rev. sir, your affectionate son.

'PS.—Dear sir, Excuse me for putting you to cost. I could not get a frank here; and I was afraid, if I sent the letter by London, you would not receive it for a long time, if at all. Oh forget not to pray for me! I believe really you do make intercession for me. I often, with pleasure, told my friends; Mr. Charles Wesley prays for me; yea, and sings a verse for me too.'

Mr. Horne's statement, viewed in connexion with these letters, affords a striking illustration of the uncertainty of oral tradition, especially when various parties are concerned in the transmission of a report. That Thomas Walsh's distress, in his last illness, was at all occasioned by any severity and unkindness of Charles Wesley, is here positively disproved. He was one of the truest friends on whom Thomas Walsh could rely in the hour of trial; and the high estimate that he formed of Walsh's character is further shown in the hymns which he wrote on the occasion of Mr. Walsh's death.

JOHN FURZ[1]

I WAS born in the year 1717, at Wilton, near Sarum. My parents were honest, but ignorant of true religion. My father never went to church; my mother and her children did. When I was about ten, I began to be afraid of death and hell, and prayed to God to have mercy upon me. At eleven I durst not keep company with boys that cursed and swore. I gave myself to reading, and went constantly to church. Yet I was more and more uneasy, and had sometimes no sleep in the night, through the dread that was upon my spirits. At fifteen I became a constant communicant. At seventeen, wherever I was, in bed, within the house or without, I had something speaking within me, 'One thing is wanting.' I read more, and prayed more; but so much the more did this cry echo within me. In this state I continued two years, having no kind shepherd to guide me. I was one day standing in the house, when this inward voice was repeated oftener than usual. I looked up, and said, 'O God, what is this one thing?' It was instantly answered, 'Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.'

I was astonished; for I thought I had always believed. However, I thought, 'I will read over all the Bible, and try whether I believe or not!' I took my Bible, and opened it on these

[1] From the *Arminian Magazine*, 1782, p. 460.

words: 'The devils believe and tremble.' I thought with myself, 'They tremble, and so do I for the same cause: I too am afraid of the judgement of the great day.' I took my Bible again, and read, 'We know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God.' I laid it down again, and thought, 'The devils know Him, and tremble; I tremble, but I do not know Him.' Now I saw that I was without God in the world; and the sorrows of my heart were enlarged. I had read, 'He that believeth hath the witness in himself'; but I knew I had not the witness. I reasoned much concerning this, wishing I could find some man that could tell me what it is to believe.

One Sunday morning the minister's text was, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' I stood up, and looked as earnestly at his mouth, as ever a hungry man looked for food; expecting every moment that he would tell me what it was to believe. He did say something about faith, but I did not understand it. I now thought, 'I do not believe; I shall surely be damned.' When I came to the church-door, I could not restrain myself any longer, but burst into a flood of tears, and cried aloud. The people came about me, and asked me why I wept. I said, 'I shall go to hell; for I do not believe.' They answered, 'Young man, if you go to hell, no one in the town will go to heaven.'

From this time for nearly two years I was in despair. My sleep in a great measure departed

from me. My appetite was gone; my flesh wasted away, and I grew exceedingly weak. My mother, observing it, came to me and said, 'My dear child, can I do anything for you?' I said, 'Yes, carry me to Mr. Smith'—a Dissenter, to whom many that were in trouble came for advice. She carried me to him without delay. He asked what ailed me. I said, 'Let my mother and the men that brought me go out, and I will tell you.' They went out, and I said, 'I believe I shall die soon, and I am afraid of going to hell.' He answered, 'You are melancholy: you must seek for some merry company.' I was shocked, and called aloud for my mother, who stood without, to come and carry me home; which she did. As I sat down in the street without the door, three young men passing by looked at me, and said they were sorry to see me look so bad. They stayed some time with me, talking merrily and jocosely. When they parted from me, I thought myself something better. They called on me again. I was pleased with their conversation, and endeavoured to stifle my convictions. I recovered my strength daily; and one evening, as I was walking with them, I asked, 'Where did you get all these merry jests?' They said, out of such and such books, which they named. I said, 'If it please God, I will go in the morning to the stationer's, and buy one of the best of them.'

As soon as I left my companions I went home. But I had only just sat down in a chair, when a divine conviction seized me, and I thought, 'Lord, what have I been doing?' I dropped to

the earth utterly senseless. About midnight my senses returned ; and I found my mother weeping at my bedside, attended by some of her kind neighbours. I now found such a spirit of prayer as I never found before. My heart cried, 'Lord, spare me a little, before I go hence and am no more seen.' For I clearly saw, if I died in my present state I must perish for ever.

But it was not long before my new companions visited me, and expressed a sorrow for my late affliction. I was soon persuaded to walk with them, and in a while began to be pleased again with their company and conversation. But one Sunday morning as I was in bed, it seemed to me as if one gripped me by the arm. At the same moment a voice went through my heart, saying, 'Go to the meeting.' I was much surprised, and felt much pain in my arm. However, it being very early, I composed myself to sleep again. But I had not lain long, when I heard the same voice as before. I rose, and walked in the garden ; but still found something within me saying, 'Go to the meeting.' I knew not what to do. I had ever been a zealous member of the Established Church, and thought it not right to go to a Presbyterian meeting. I seemed resolved not to go ; but the impression on my mind was such that I could have no rest unless I went. When I came in, the minister was in his sermon. I had no sooner sat down than he uttered these words, 'Remember the promises you made to God on a sick-bed.' I thought he spoke to me. I remembered how earnestly I had

prayed to God to spare me a little longer. I returned home in deep distress, thinking, 'I am still the same unhappy creature, lost to all sense of good. All my resolves are come to nought, my promises broken, and I am left a poor guilty sinner.'

All my former works did now indeed appear to me no better than filthy rags. I said, 'I have lied unto Thee, O God, when I said, "My spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour"; and when I professed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ," while I knew nothing about it.' A few days after, I saw an unusual number of people flocking together, and asked whither they were going. One answered, 'Mrs. Hall's son[1] is come from Oxford, and is going to preach in the Presbyterian meeting. Will you go and hear him?' After some pause I went. While I was musing with myself, he pointed out with his finger, as though he pointed at me, and said vehemently, 'There are two witnesses that are dead and buried in the dust, that will rise in judgement against you.' He took up his Bible, and said, 'Here are the two witnesses, that have been dead and buried in the dust upon your shelf, the Old Testament and the New.' I felt what was spoken: I remembered that my Bible was covered with dust, and that I had written my name with the point of my finger on the binding. Now I thought, I had signed my own damnation on the back of the witnesses.

I went home, no one speaking to me on the

[1] Mr. Westley Hall. See below, p. 219.

way, or I should have wept aloud. I walked in the garden; but I was afraid the earth would open and swallow me up, or that infernal spirits would be permitted to drag me to the bottomless pit. I went to bed; but the terrors I felt in the night are beyond all that I can express. About midnight I sat up in bed, and said, 'Lord, how will it be with me in hell?' Just then a dog began howling under my window, and I thought, 'There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!' Every joint now trembled; the terrors of the Lord seized my soul; the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me. I rose early in the morning, but did not attempt to pray, as I thought there was no mercy for me. As I walked in the garden, bewailing my misery, and wishing I had never been born, God put a desire to pray into my heart, and those words into my mouth: 'Lord, are there no bowels of mercy for such a sinner as I am?' I went and kneeled down at the feet of my bed. Instantly I felt as if cold water ran through every vein. I started up, and ran into the garden, and thought, 'God will not suffer me to pray. He has driven me from the throne of grace: there is no mercy for me.' I went a second time, but had no sooner kneeled down than I was surprised as before: I flew again. As soon as I came into the garden, I looked round, and said, 'Who will show me any good?' I walked weeping, till I saw a dead toad, and said, 'O that I had been a toad! Then I should have had no soul to lose.' I then felt a fresh desire to pray. I went again into my

chamber, and kneeled down. But I was more surprised than ever. I thought the earth moved under me. I leaped down stairs, and fell to the ground; but strong desire constrained me to ask, 'Are there no bowels of mercy for me?' Before I could utter it, I heard a small, still voice, saying, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' What a change did I feel! My sorrow was turned into joy; my darkness into light! My soul was filled with love to God for His unspeakable mercies. Now I did indeed draw water out of the wells of salvation. Yea, a fountain was opened in my heart, springing up into everlasting life. My tongue could not express the feelings of my heart; I was lost in speechless rapture. I now knew what it was to believe: I knew on whom I believed—even on Him that justifieth the ungodly. Being justified by faith, I was at peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. My bands were broken in sunder, and my captive soul was set at liberty.

I that before was dead in trespasses and sins was now made alive to God. I sat in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. I was as in a new world. If I walked out into the open field, everything showed forth the glory of God. If I looked at the sun, my heart said, 'My God made this, not for Himself, but us.' If I looked on the grass, the corn, the trees, I could not but stand and adore the goodness of God. My Bible also was become a new book: it was sweeter to my soul than honey to my tongue. I had near communion with God day and night. And oh

how I longed for all the world to know what I knew! I longed also for a companion in the grace of God, to whom I could communicate what I felt: yea, I thought I would tell the trees of the wood, if I could make them understand, what God had done for my soul.

One day as I was going across the market-place, I passed by a man at his labour. I felt all that was in me run out after him, in a manner I never felt before. I passed by him again and again; and it was still the same. I thought, 'I can tell this man anything,' though I only knew him by sight, and had often heard his father used to say, with his hand on the breast, 'I have Christ in my heart.' I asked him, 'Do you believe your father was a good man, and that he is gone to heaven?' He answered, 'I do. He died singing the hundredth psalm, just as he uttered these words,

Oh enter ye His gates with praise!'

I asked again, 'Are you willing to live his life, and to die his death?' He answered, 'The Lord knows that I am!' 'But,' said I, 'do you believe there is any such thing as knowing our sins forgiven now?' He looked at me, and paused, and then said, 'I will tell you a fortnight hence.'

That day fortnight I went to his house, took him aside, and told him, 'Now you are to answer my question.' He said, 'I will: I do believe that there is such a thing as knowing our sins forgiven now. I have been seeking it ever since I saw you: but I have not found it.' I desired

him to walk with me to my house; I took him into my chamber. We sat down together, and I told him freely what troubles I had passed through, and how God had delivered me. Then I asked, 'Are you desirous of the same blessing?' He answered, 'The Lord knows that I am.' We kneeled down, and I earnestly prayed that God would make him a partaker of it. When I had done, he started up, and went out of the room in haste, without speaking one word.

In the morning, as I was looking out of my door, I heard one man say to another, 'Do you hear that John Kirby is run mad?' And about an hour after, I heard another asserting the same thing. In the evening he came to my house, looked earnestly at me, and said, 'I am undone.' He then instantly turned and went away, giving me no time to speak to him. The next evening he came in the same manner. I was sitting at a table, reading. He struck the table with his hand, and said, 'I am undone to all eternity.' He then went out hastily. I followed him to his house, and found him sitting silent, looking with an aspect of deep sorrow. His wife sat looking at him. She said to me, 'O sir, our family is ruined.' I said, 'I hope not.' She said again, with a flood of tears, 'My husband is distracted. He neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps.' However, I persuaded him to go to bed, and went home. But I had not been long in bed, before he was knocking at the door, crying out, 'For Christ's sake, quickly, quickly.' I ran down undressed, and let him in. He clasped me fast in his arms,

and said, 'I will never go home more, unless you go with me.' I put on my clothes, and led him home. As I went I advised him to pray. But he said, 'I cannot: if I attempt to pray in my chamber, I am affrighted; and so I am wherever I attempt it.' When I came to his house, I found a most distressed family; his wife, his son, and his daughters all weeping. I desired him to go to bed. He said he would never go in to his chamber more, unless I would go with him. I did so, and saw him in bed, desiring his wife and children to go to bed also, and to be as still as possible. Then I returned home. But I had scarcely been in bed ten minutes, when he was knocking at the door with more earnestness than before: he again said, 'I will never go home, unless you go with me.' I went the third time. When I came to his house, the family was in bed. I heard his wife weeping. But he repeated, 'I will never go into the chamber again, unless you go with me.' I said, 'Oh for shame! Your wife is in bed.' She cried aloud, 'For Christ's sake, do not mind me, but bring my husband upstairs.' She was sitting up in bed, in her nightgown, bewailing herself and her family. After seeing him in bed, I kneeled down by the bedside, and commended him to God.

In the morning he came to my house again. But the whole form of his visage was changed. He walked to and fro with tears dropping from his eyes. I asked, 'How is it with you now?' He said, 'Glory be to God! all is peace.' I desired him to sit down and tell me how this

change came. He said, 'As soon as you were gone, I looked up, and it appeared to me as if the roof of my house was taken away, so that I saw the firmament. While I was wondering at this, a dark cloud arose, which I thought was a thunder-cloud. The cloud was drawn aside, and left in view Jesus Christ, all besmeared with blood. He looked down upon me, and said, "I have loved thee, and given Myself for thee." I felt the word in my heart, and all guilt, and fear, and sorrow fled away. Now I know that I "have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for my sins."' We wept together for joy, and praised God for His abundant mercies bestowed upon us.

From this time, as the souls of David and Jonathan were knit together, so were our souls knit together in God. We had close fellowship with each other, and sat together as in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Neither of us was content to eat his morsel alone; but what was imparted to one, the other must partake of. We gladly met together every evening, to pray with and for each other, and pour out our souls before God in thanksgivings for all His mercies. Meantime our hearts burned with desire that all men might know this love of Christ that passeth knowledge. But how to impart to others what we had received, we knew not, or which way to begin.

After a while I heard there was a company of Dissenters, that met together at a private house every Sunday evening. I told my friend I was in

hopes they were partakers of the same blessing that we were. I wrote a note to desire leave for me and my friend to come and sit behind them. They sent word we were welcome to come. When we came, we found about ten of them sitting round a large table, on which were the Bible and the newspaper, with a decanter and glasses. They were quite complaisant. They all rose up, and desired us to sit in rank with them. But I refused, saying, 'We will only sit in the place we named, that is, behind you.' They then began their evening exercise. First, they ridiculed the vicar, particularly for his covetousness. Next, they drank one to another, and offered the glass to us, but we did not drink. Then they related the faults of the churchwardens and the overseers of the poor; till one read part of the newspaper, which gave occasion to discourse on the state of the nation. At last, one of them read a chapter in the Bible: another, looking at his watch, said, 'Bless me! It is time to go home. It is past ten o'clock.' 'But,' said one, 'we ought to go to prayer first.' But they were not agreed which of them should pray. At last one of them stood up against a back of a chair, spoke a few words, and concluded. My friend and I were kneeling together. I was weary with forbearing, and began earnestly to pray that God would awaken them, and by His goodness lead them to repentance, that they might know the things which belonged to their everlasting peace. They turned about, and stared at me as if I had been speaking Greek. However, they told us we

should be welcome to come again the next Sunday evening.

The next Sunday evening we came again. But one of the company having told his neighbours that I had preached, I suppose not less than a hundred persons were standing about the door. The man of the house asked them, 'What do you want?' and endeavoured to keep them out. But when he stood aside for me and my friend to come in, they poured in after us. At first he seemed displeased; but soon after called to his wife, and said, 'Bring me the Testament.' He opened it, sat with it in his hand some time; then, starting up, came to me, with the book open, saying, 'If you have a word of exhortation, say on.' The first words presented to my view were Rom. viii. 1: 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.' I had had no thought of exhorting or preaching to this hour; but now the power of God came upon me, and enabled me to speak from an experimental knowledge of freedom from condemnation. Now I was able to testify, 'By grace I am saved through faith: not for anything that I have done; it is the gift of God.' Many of them that stood before me felt the word, and wept much. And from this time, by the help of God, I have continued to preach 'repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.'

This same gentleman in whose house I began to speak of the things of God procured a licence for his house, that none might molest me. I

likewise preached in my own house, to all that came and heard me. Their number continually increased; many were convinced of their evil ways; and about fourteen converted to God, who met with me daily, to spend some time in prayer. We loved as brethren, being partakers together of the same grace of God. And we began to suffer reproach together, to show us that 'the servant is not above his Lord.' Mr. Conway, the vicar, sent his footman to me with this message: 'My master bids me tell you, You have a soft place in your head.' I said, 'Be pleased to tell your master, The sheep when diseased do not run after the shepherd, but the shepherd after the sheep. Your master passes by my door almost every day. I wish he would call in, and search about my head; and find out what my disorder is, and prescribe a remedy.' About two hours after I saw him coming. I opened the door and waited for him. But when he saw me, he drew farther off, and shook his cane at me, and passed by. He went straight to the Earl of Pembroke's (the old Earl), and told him, 'There is a young fellow in the town who, under a pretence of preaching, makes three riots every week, and disturbs all the inhabitants of the town, from one end to the other.' The earl said, 'I will send for the young man, and talk with him myself.'

But instead of sending for me, he sent for the mayor, with whom he used to converse frequently. He had heard me preach himself. Afterwards I learned what passed between the earl and him. 'The old priest has been here,' said the earl; 'but

I know not what he would have. He was at first a Dissenting minister. But he came to me and said his conscience constrained him to conform to the Church, and begged I would assist him to procure ordination. Then he begged me to give him a benefice which was vacant: I did so. He came again within the twelvemonth, complaining he could not live on it. I gave him a second, of two hundred a year. Still he followed me with the same complaint, till I gave him a third: and now he comes to me with a complaint about some young man that preaches. Pray, do you know the man?' He said, 'My lord, perfectly well: he lives but three doors from me.' His lordship said, 'I said at first, I would send for the man: but I have thought otherwise. Take Lord Herbert and your son, who has taken his degrees at Oxford, and all the aldermen with you: and you will judge whether it is the preacher who makes the riot, or they that come to disturb him. Afterwards come all of you to dinner with me, and give me your cool judgement.'

I knew nothing of their coming till they came; but according to my day, so was my strength. The people, seeing the mayor coming from his own house, attended by Lord Herbert and the aldermen, called one upon another, saying, 'My lord, and the mayor and aldermen, are gone to pull down the preaching-house.' The rabble ran from all quarters to lend a helping hand. I was praying, when they poured in upon us like a flood. They pushed down some that were on their knees, and trampled on them. Lord

Herbert rose from his seat, and said, 'I desire you will let me hear quietly.' But instead of regarding it, some of the mob gave him a very impertinent answer. The mayor then rose up, and with a loud voice commanded the king's peace. I then said, 'My lord and gentlemen, I and those that meet with me are members of the Established Church. We meet together every Sunday, before and after divine service, to make prayer and supplication with and for one another. And I read a portion of Scripture, and explain it as God enables me.' I paused. His lordship bowed his head, and I went on. 'I will preach now, as well as I can in this confused noise.' I then read, 'I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached by me was not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' When I had ended, high and low went away, and I and my friends were left alone.

When the mayor and his brethren came to the earl's (I was informed in the evening), he asked if they had been at the preaching. The mayor said, 'Yes, my lord.' 'And what have you to say concerning the man that preaches?' The mayor replied, 'My lord, I have known him from a child: he has lived an exemplary life from the beginning.' The earl said, 'Now that we know the truth of the case, we know how to proceed. If I was mayor of the town, the next time that young man preaches, I would go and read the Riot Act.' The mayor promised he would: and the next time I preached, he came

with the Riot Act in his hand. The mob gathering together, he bade them come near, and then read the Act. They quickly shrunk back: but one of them cursed the mayor, and said he was a Methodist too. He looked upon me, and said, 'John, you see I have got a bad character, too.' I said, 'I wish it was true.' He said, 'So do I; it would be better for me.' From this time we had peace.

This method not succeeding to his wish, the vicar thought good to try another. He procured the Rev. Joseph Horler to preach before his lordship. And he did preach as extraordinary a sermon as ever was heard at Wilton. His text was, 'Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God'; 'that is,' said he, 'from the Church. For there is sprung up among us a new religion, called "Methodism": it is like the plague. They that have it infect whole families. Now in such a case, if one were to come and warn you to shut your door, and keep out the man and his distemper, would not you be thankful? I am now come to do you this kind office. I will describe the persons in three particulars. In the first place, they look just like toads that are crept out from under a faggot-pile. In the second place, they pretend to be led by the Spirit; and when they are "under His guidance," as they call it, they look like toads that are crept out of a dung-heap, and croak just like them. In the third place, they look just like toads that are dragged from land's end to land's end under a

harrow.' I was curious to observe what notice his lordship took of the preacher, who stood bowing at his side as he went out of church. He passed by him without making the least motion, or taking any notice of him at all.

After he was got home, he sent a footman to tell the preacher, 'If you please, you may come and dine with his lordship.' When he came, and was sat down, the earl asked his name. He answered, 'My name is Joseph Horler.' His lordship then asked, 'Mr. Horler, what have you been doing?' He answered, 'Preaching, my lord.' 'What have you been preaching?' 'The gospel, my lord.' 'I deny that, Mr. Horler: you have been preaching against the Government.' He said, 'I ask your lordship's pardon; I do not know that I have.' 'Nay,' said his lordship, 'have not the king, lords, and commons, all agreed that every Englishman shall worship God according to his own conscience? And are there not licences granted for this very purpose? But pray, who are those toads who creep out of the dung-heap? I hope they are not your neighbours! Let me hear of it, sir, no more. I will hear no more of it. I will send a note immediately to the vicar, to let me know, when I am in the country, any day that you are to preach, and I will be sure not to be at church that day.'

Some time after, that honest man John Haime[1] called upon me, and preached at my house. Here our acquaintance and mutual love began,

[1] See vol. i. of this series.

which has continued to this day. He gave me an invitation to come to Shaftesbury. I often went, and found much life and love among the people. I was afterwards invited to Wincanton, Robert Brockway informing me that the Dissenting minister was a pious man, and had promised me the use of his pulpit. And notice was given on the market-day that a Methodist was to preach there on Sunday. But when Robert Brockway reminded the minister of his promise, he said, 'My congregation is not willing.' I asked, 'Is there any among you that has courage to go through the town, and tell the people there will be preaching on the common?' One answered, 'I will for one.' When we were there, a man brought me a table to stand on. Some of my friends from Shaftesbury were with me. After singing a hymn, and spending a little time in prayer, I gave out these words, 'Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?' The people were as still as night, and gave good heed to what was spoken, till the minister of Brewham, with an attorney, and Mr. Ring, the town clerk, came to the outside of the congregation. Some then cried out, 'Make way, make way!' But the people stood closer and closer together, till I desired them to open to the right and left, and let the gentlemen come forward. Mr. Ring then read the Riot Act. I said, 'Sir, was there any appearance of a riot here till you came?' He looked me in the face, and said with the utmost

vehemence, 'Thou rascal!' Then the blood spouted out in a stream from both his nostrils. He dropped to the earth, crying aloud, 'They will say this is a judgement.' (No wonder if they did.) All possible means were used to stop the bleeding; but in vain. From that time he was lunatic. He was carried to Bath, and died soon after. In about a fortnight, I was informed, the minister of Brewham died also.

Some time after this, one of Mr. Whitefield's preachers preached in the street at Wincanton. While he was preaching, a carrier came with a string of packhorses. The fore-horse had a strap of bells about his neck. The carrier took them off, and put them about his own neck. He then ran in among the people, jumping and dancing with all his might. While he was thus employed, the horse he took the bells from dropped down. They went to him, but he was stone dead. So God, in judgement mixed with mercy, took the horse, but spared the man!

Some years before I was a travelling preacher, I was invited to preach on Salisbury Plain, near the New Inn. It being on a Sunday, a very great company was gathered together from the neighbouring villages on both sides of the Plain. Here I was met by John Haime, with a few of our friends from Shaftesbury. As soon as I began to preach, a man came straight forward, and presented a gun at my face, swearing that he would blow my brains out if I spake another word. However, I continued speaking, and he continued swearing; sometimes putting the muzzle of the

gun to my mouth, sometimes against my ear. While we were singing the last hymn, he got behind me, fired the gun, and burned off part of my hair. But he did not lose his labour; for he was so soundly beaten that he kept his bed for several weeks.

The occasion of my leaving Wilton was this. Hearing that Mr. Hall, after all the good he had done, had brought a huge reproach upon the gospel, and was removed from Sarum, I went to Mr. Marsh to know the truth of it. He said, 'He is gone; but he has not carried away with him what we have received.' We hid ourselves awhile; the world rejoiced, and we sorrowed. When the storm was a little over, I went often to Salisbury, and conversed and prayed with some of the poor people. After some time, I was desired to preach in Mr. Hall's chapel. More and more came, till we had a good congregation. Mr. Marsh then took part of the house adjoining to it for me to live in, and to receive any of Mr. Wesley's preachers that could find time to call. Here I continued about five years. But some of the people being afraid lest I should follow Mr. Hall's example, I left the house, and left off preaching, till being afflicted both in soul and body, and knowing it was the hand of the Lord upon me, I made my mind known to Mr. Wesley, who advised me to go into the west of Cornwall. I did so: I took up my cross, left my wife and children, and went without delay. I was very kindly received by the people. My labours were blessed among them. My bodily strength returned;

and great was the comfort that I felt in my soul.

Mr. Wesley sent me next into the York circuit. I went in the simplicity of the gospel, being only afraid lest I should not be useful. But it pleased God to give me some fruit here also; which engaged me to go on, and made me willing to spend and be spent for the souls of men. Afterwards I spent two years in Cheshire and Lancashire, where was the most rapid work of God that I ever saw. At a lovefeast in Manchester, we had eighteen persons justified in an hour. And many experienced a higher work of God, being cleansed from all sin. After deeply hungering and thirsting for righteousness, they were satisfied with it. Some of them, agonizing in prayer, fell to the ground, and cried out, 'It is enough, Lord! My cup runs over! Withhold Thy hand, or enlarge my heart.' Our leaders, feeling the weightiness of His presence, and the exceeding greatness of His power, were filled with zeal for the glory of God, and the good of souls. They dispersed themselves on Sundays, went into the country villages, sung and prayed, and exhorted the people to turn to God. Many came from those villages to hear the word, and great good was done.

A poor woman, that lived about ten miles from Manchester, hearing some say, 'We have been there, and have found the Lord,' told it to a neighbour, and said, 'I wish I could go to Manchester and find the Lord.' Her neighbour said, 'Then why do not you go?' She said, 'O dear child, I have no shoes.' Her neighbour said,

'I will lend you mine.' She said, 'Then I will go.' She came to Manchester on a Sunday; but knew not where to go. Seeing a gentleman walking in the market-place, she went to him and asked, 'Where is it that people go to find the Lord?' He said, 'Among the Methodists, as far as I know.' She asked, 'Where are they?' He answered, 'Come, and I will show you.' He brought her to the passage that leads to the preaching-house, and said, 'Go in there.' Thomas Woolfinden came to her, and asked what she wanted. She said, 'Is this the place where people find the Lord?' He went and called John Morris, one of the leaders; to whom she told all that had happened. He took her in, and placed her near the middle of the room, and advised her to look at none but the preacher. She took his advice, and about the middle of the sermon cried out, 'Glory be to God, I have found the Lord!' which she repeated over and over, being filled with joy unspeakable.

There was likewise a glorious work of God at Liverpool. Many were enabled to repent and believe the gospel; and many believed that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all unrighteousness. The same flame broke out at Bolton, at Macclesfield, at Congleton, and at Burslem. One instance of the goodness of God at Congleton deserves a particular notice. Two men were there, pot-companions, David and Samuel. David made it his business to stand in the street near the time of preaching, and swear at those that were going to it. About

this time we had many remarkable conversions. At this he seemed much perplexed, and asked his companion, 'What can this be? What the d—l is it that they do to the people to convert them? I have a good mind to go and see.' Accordingly, both of them came. But after they had sat about a quarter of an hour, David started up, and said, 'I will stay here no longer.' He attempted to run, but quickly dropped down. However, he rose, and with some difficulty got home. He went straight to his chamber, and got to bed. He turned himself a few times; then leaped up, saying, 'I will lie here no longer.' He ran into the fields, and then wandered up and down all the night. In the morning he came home, went into his shop, and thought he would go to work. He heated his iron in the forge, and lifted up his hammer over his head. But he imagined the devil was just behind him, ready to carry him away. He let fall his hammer, ran out of the shop, and went to the fields, where he wandered all day. In the evening a farmer, passing by, said, 'David, why are you not at your work? I have been three times at your shop to-day, but you were not to be found.' David answered, 'I think I shall work no more.' The farmer asked, 'Why so?' He said, 'I am afraid I shall be converted.' It quickly spread throughout the town that David was going to be converted. But David protested he would not; he would go and get drunk directly. Accordingly he went into a public-house, and with all speed drank two quarts of ale, with half a pint of

brandy. Three men sitting by, one of them said, 'David, you will be converted for all this.' David said, 'I will convert thee,' knocked him down, took him by the heels, and threw him out of the door. He did the same to the second, and the third. Then he caught up the woman of the house, ran with her into the street, threw her into the kennel, saying, 'Lie thou there.' He went back to the house, tore down the door, broke it in pieces, and threw it into the street. Then he went home: but he was no sooner laid down in bed, than he thought, 'Now I am sure the devil will have me.' He leaped out of bed, took to the fields, and wandered about all the day. At last he went to his companion, and told him, 'Ever since I heard that old fellow preach, I can neither eat nor sleep.' 'Then,' said Sam, 'take it for a warning, or I will keep thy company no more; else the devil will have us both.' David said, 'Then what shall we do?' He answered, 'Whatever thou doest, I will join the society.' David fell a-weeping, and said, 'If thou dost, so will I, if they will let me.' As soon as their design was known, many came running to me, and desired I would not receive either of them. I said, 'If they come, I will act according to the best judgement I have.' A little before the preaching they came. 'Sir,' said Samuel, 'we are a couple of desperate wicked fellows: but we want to be better. And we beg you, for Christ's sake, to receive us into your society.' I said, 'Yes, for Christ's sake I will receive you.' They looked one at the other, with tears flowing from their

eyes, and said, 'For Christ's sake receive us now, and let us come in at the lovefeast.' I said, 'I do receive you now, for Christ's sake.' After the preaching one desired me to look at David. His body was writhed many ways, and his cries and groans were such as struck terror into those that were near him. I kneeled down and prayed: while I was praying, David started up, and cried aloud, 'Glory be to God! my sins are forgiven.' At the same time Samuel said, 'O precious Lamb of God! all in a gore of blood for me!' David then broke through the people, and caught Sam in his arms, saying, 'Come, let us sing the Virgin Mary's song. I could never sing it before; but now my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour!'

I married while I was at Wilton. When I was young, I was frequently at the Earl of Pembroke's. Here I became acquainted with one of the housemaids. We met frequently, and always parted with prayers. She seemed very religious; but when we were married, I soon found my mistake. She was fond of dress, and loved to walk about for pleasure on the Lord's day. She refused to kneel down when I prayed, saying, 'I do not love such Presbyterian prayers.' I took a book in my hand; but prayed as I did before. Then she kneeled. One evening she was much affected, and rose early in the morning and searched the book to find the prayer. But she could not find it; and afterwards she would not kneel down, whether I had a book or not.

One Sunday morning, a little before church-time,

being about to go to the sacrament, I came down the stairs. She stood silent at the stair-foot, and then stepped down, struck me in the face, and beat out one of my teeth. She stepped back, sat down in a chair, and wept aloud, saying, 'Lord, I cannot help it, I am so tempted by the devil.' I went to her, put my tooth into her lap, and went into my chamber again without speaking. It was a sorrowful day with her. The next morning she rose before me: when I came down, I found her weeping. She said, 'Can you forgive me?' I made towards the door. She said, 'For God's sake, do not leave me.' I said, 'It is God against whom you have sinned.' She wept aloud. I went out, and walked in the fields three hours, praying for her; and when I returned home, I found God had spoken peace to her soul. Nothing would satisfy her, but I must sit on her knees, and hear her praise God. I believe she never lost His love from that hour, but was daily growing in grace. When I set out as a travelling preacher, leaving my children to her care, she never once asked me when I should come home; but in all her letters said, 'I find difficulties, but let not that distress you. I am content. Go straight forward in the work that God has called you to.'

When I was informed she was very ill, I rode seventy miles in one of the shortest days to see her. I found two young women with her, who came to see her at the beginning of her illness, and never left her after. One of them asked if they should let her know that I was come. I

said, 'No'; and went in softly to her. She looked at me, and said, 'My dear husband, I am going to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob. I am going to all the prophets, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. I am going to my dear Jesus'; and added,

'Not a doubt can arise,
To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.

No, not for a moment!' She then paused awhile, and said,

'Hark! hark how they shout
All heaven throughout!

Lord, let me come up!' and so departed. I found her clothes had been sold to procure her necessaries in time of affliction. So that naked as she came into the world, naked did she return.

As to my mother, I was her youngest son, and she was the kindest of mothers. Yet it was not till I had preached a whole year that she would come to hear me. After she had heard, she was all prayer, and soon found peace; which she enjoyed without the least interruption to her life's end. Living and dying, she was possessed of that quietness of spirit which in the sight of God is of great price. Her last words were, 'Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'

Many years ago, when I was at Hornby, in Yorkshire, I had a violent illness. None about me expected I should ever recover. When to all appearance I was near death, Mr. Olivers sent Mr.

Minethorpe to Hornby with a letter, to inform me he would come and preach my funeral sermon, and rejoice over me. The good women that sat round my bed said, 'We never had a preacher die here before. We shall have a great company of people to hear the funeral sermon.' I heard one of them say, 'Now he is going.' Meantime the cry of my heart was, 'Lord, sanctify me now or never.' In that instant I felt the mighty power of His sanctifying Spirit. It came down into my soul as a refining fire, purifying and cleansing from all unrighteousness. And from that instant I began to recover. But oh how slow of heart have I been to believe, and how hard to understand the deep things of God! Before my conversion, I thought, if I repented all my days, and was pardoned at last, it would be a great blessing. But when it pleased God to pardon me, I knew, 'now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' But I had the same conceptions of sanctification that I had before of justification. I preached it as a slow gradual work. And while I did so, I gained no ground: I was easily provoked, which made me fear lest after I had preached to others I myself should be a castaway. But now, glory be to God, I feel no anger, no pride, no self-will: old things are passed away. All things are become new. Now I know, he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him! [1]

[1] Wesley refers in his *Journal*, August 24, 1778, to a strange story told him by Mr. Furz. He writes on May 19, 1780 (*Works* xii. 381): 'John Furz is fairly worn out, he is hardly able to preach at all. If he lives till next year I expect he will be a supernumerary.'

His obituary was read in the *Minutes* of 1800 : ' JOHN FURZ, an aged servant of the Lord. He travelled many years in our Connexion, and was a zealous defender of our purest doctrines. His mental powers were so decayed that, for several years, he seemed sunk in second childhood : but he retained his piety, and closed his life in holy triumph, having fought the good fight of faith.'

ROBERT WILKINSON[1]

BEFORE hearing the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, I was often terrified in dreams and visions of the night. Sometimes I thought I was falling down steep precipices; at others, that the devil was standing over me to take me away immediately.

At such times I have often waked, shrieking in such a manner as terrified all who heard me. Afterwards I heard the gospel for a season, at Rookhope, in the county of Durham; but the people not receiving the joyful sound, the servants of God forsook the place. I was left with much uneasiness on my mind: what I formerly delighted in was now hateful to me. I could play no more on the violin, or at cards, nor sing vain songs; neither had I a desire to speak any more than I was forced to. The people saw my distress, but, not knowing God, could not point out a cure.

In this condition I continued for some weeks. I began to read religious books, and likewise to bow my knees before God in secret. Sometimes I could weep much; but, having no one to direct me, after a time I got back into folly, and pursued my evil practices with more eagerness than before. About four years after, I was called to live near

[1] From the *Arminian Magazine*, 1782, p. 179.

Weardale chapel.[1] I then heard the Methodists very frequently. I was often softened under the word. I never found a desire to mock the people as many do; but rather stood in awe of them. But all this while I continued in my sins. The first Sunday in Lent, 1767, I heard, as usual, a Methodist preacher in the afternoon. I did not then find that the word made any impression upon me. But at night on my bed the Lord cut me to the heart, and I could not help roaring for the disquietness of my soul. I then felt I must perish eternally, unless some way to escape were found which I knew not of. Immediately I wished for the Methodists to pray with me; but in particular for a young man, Stephen Watson, who is now in glory. From the time he knew Jesus, he was a pattern to all the society. And after having walked four years in the light of God's countenance, he departed in the full assurance of faith; having testified for many months before his death that the blood of Jesus had cleansed him from all sin. His last words were, 'Glory be to God, for ever and ever! Amen, and Amen!'

One morning I fell down on my knees to ask forgiveness for my many offences, and continued to cry night and day. My burden increased, and temptations were very strong. I then began to compare myself with the most sinful of my companions, and with other notorious sinners

[1] He was master of the Free School there, and prayed with the boys, and preached in a private house. See Wesley Historical Society *Proceedings*, vol. ii. pp. 73–4.

I had heard of; but I could find no equal. I said, from the ground of my heart, 'Of all the sinners under heaven, I am the chief.' The enemy then suggested that I was guilty of a sin which God never would pardon.

Tongue cannot express the distress I then felt. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. I thought never man suffered what I did. That saying, 'A dreadful sound in his ears,' continually followed me. I found the enemy ready, day and night, to devour me. When in private prayer, I thought he had hold of my clothes. For many nights he suggested, if I prayed, he would appear and tear me in pieces. Yet I durst not but pray, though my prayers were mostly made up of sighs and groans. One day, drawing towards evening, the enemy came in as a flood, and the temptation was to put an end to a wretched life. I resisted, but it continued to come as quick as lightning; and I was afraid that the tempter would prevail, so that I durst not carry a penknife about me. That was the only time I was banished from private prayer, because I durst not stay alone. That night we met our class: I then cried out to one of my brethren, who was waiting for me to go with him to the meeting, 'O Cuthbert, I am driven to distraction!' He spake to me as comfortably as he could, but, as we walked together, I found as if one was hanging on the skirts of my clothes. After the first prayer was over, it was with difficulty I rose from my knees. When the leader asked how I found the state of my soul, I answered,' I am left without one spark

of hope that God will ever have mercy on me.' 'No,' said he, 'you are not; for if you were, you would not now be using the means of grace.'

He encouraged me to follow on; but I still found no comfort. All the time of my convictions I had but very little ease; and when I had, I had a fear almost equal to my pain, lest I should fall back into sin, or speak peace when God did not. Oh how I longed for deliverance from sin! I often cried, 'Lord, if I am for ever banished from Thy presence, let me not sin again!'

Not long after, that text in Psalm li. followed me, 'Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.' I thought, if God did pardon me, He could refuse none, but the foulest on this side hell might come and welcome. But this was the sting—I thought He would not. However, I kept using the means, and went frequently among the Methodists, to get them to pray with me. And I would have been glad if they had asked me to stay all night, but shame would not let me tell them so. I often thought I never could get over another night. My neighbours said I was beside myself, for I could not rest in my bed. I often rose and wandered in the fields, weeping and bewailing my desperate state. But, blessed be God! He that wounds can heal.

In the beginning of July, as Stephen Watson and I were sitting together, he had a volume of the *Christian Library* in his hand, out of which he read one of Mr. Rutherford's Letters. When he had done, 'Stephen,' said I, 'I find, as it were, a

melting warmness in my breast.' 'So do I too,' said he. He then asked, 'Cannot you believe that God has pardoned your sins?' 'No,' said I, 'I dare not'; on which I immediately lost my comfort.

On Sunday, July 12, Joseph Watson preached in the chapel in Weardale. He gave out that hymn—

> All ye that pass by,
> To Jesus draw nigh:
> To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

Then all within me cried out,

> That sinner am I,
> Who on Jesus rely,
> And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

I then believed that God for Christ's sake had forgiven all my sins, and found that peace which arises from a sense of reconciliation. The people of God who knew my distress perceived by my countenance that the Lord was gracious to me, before I had the opportunity to tell them. I then went rejoicing home, and could not help telling what God had done for my soul.

It was not long before my faith was tried. One of our brethren, a Calvinist, lent me a book. As I read, I thought Mr. Wesley was quite in the wrong, and I found something in me that rose against him; yet one thing I remember I could not swallow, which was, the author asserted that a sense of inbred sin would reconcile us to death. 'No,' said Mr. Wesley, 'nothing but perfect love.' Indeed I could not persuade myself that the sting of death could reconcile us to death itself!

However, I read and reasoned myself miserable. Yet the Lord gave me grace to wrestle with Him in prayer; and every day I found, more or less, the witness of my sonship. I was then afraid, if I sought after holiness, I should rob Christ of His glory. Some of our people hearing that I read that book, and conversed with the man who lent it, took it for granted that I was prejudiced against the doctrine of perfection and those that preached it. They told this to my band-leader. I went one Sunday morning, as usual, at seven o'clock, to meet my band, and found myself in a peaceable frame of mind. No sooner did the leader begin to pray, than he cried, 'Lord, never suffer us to be prejudiced against Thy servants, seeing that Thy will is our sanctification!' I found, as it were, something in me, saying, 'He means me.' When he spoke his experience, he expressed the same thing; on which I said, 'Is it me you mean?' He answered, 'What I have said, I have said.' I then found violent prejudice against him. My peace was gone. My soul was torn in pieces within me. I told one of our people as we went home, how my leader had behaved towards me. I did not regard breaking the band-rules, because I was determined never to meet in a band any more. I had no rest: though I could not give up my confidence in God, nevertheless my corruptions boiled so within me that I could have fought with a feather.

On Friday night we had preaching. I went to it like one possessed with a legion of devils. Afterwards the bands met, and the preacher

earnestly exhorted all present to look for the second blessing, and insisted that it might be received. 'Now,' thought I, 'if there is such a thing, none can stand in more need of it than I do.' But the enemy suggested, 'There are those that have known God several years, and have not attained; and shalt thou be delivered who hast been justified only a few months?' Immediately I found power to resist the temptation, and said within myself, 'God is not tied to time.' No sooner did that thought pass through my heart than the power of God seized me. I found I could not resist, and therefore turned myself over upon the seat; I cannot express how I was. I found such a travail in my soul, as if it would burst from the body. I continued so till I was motionless and insensible for a season. But as I was coming to myself, I found such an emptying, and then such a heaven of love springing up in my soul, as I had never felt before; with an application of these blessed words, 'He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' If possible, I could have put my band-leader into my heart. The book I mentioned before had pleased me so well that I had given orders to him that lent it me to buy me one of them. But no sooner did God work this change in my soul than I found an utter aversion to it, and told the man, 'You must not buy it; for I shall never read it more.'

In the year 1768 I was sent to call sinners to repentance in and about the city of Carlisle. Here I was much persecuted; but, blessed be God,

He delivered me out of the hands of all my enemies and gave me several seals to my ministry.

George Shadford, his colleague in his last circuit, wrote in September 28, 1781 :

My acquaintance with Mr. Wilkinson was very short. The first time I ever saw him was a little above three years ago. The next time was after last Bristol Conference. He was there appointed to labour with me in and about Grimsby.

When we met in the circuit, we were both in health ; but the day before our Quarterly Meeting I was taken very ill of a fever : however, the next morning I ventured to set out for the meeting ; but, having fifteen miles to ride, it was with much difficulty I got safe thither. And then I was unable to attend either the lovefeast or the watch-night.

But I shall never forget the prayer Mr. Wilkinson put up for me at the close of the lovefeast, that the Lord would spare me a little longer, and raise me up again to labour in His vineyard. His prayer pierced the heavens : the power of God came down upon the people like a torrent of rain. They were so affected that they wept and rejoiced abundantly. Immediately I shared with them, although I was not in the same room : the divine presence broke my heart to pieces. My soul overflowed with love, and my eyes with tears. I know not that I was ever so powerfully and suddenly affected under any person's prayer, except on the day I was converted to God. Immediately I had faith to believe the Lord would

raise me up again, and for several minutes it appeared to me as if I was perfectly well. The next day I went along with him to Louth ; and in that time we had a good deal of conversation together, which chiefly turned upon these two points, namely, predestination and Christian perfection.

He told me, with sorrow of heart, how often he had been grieved for the immense hurt that he had seen done by the preaching of unconditional predestination, as it blocked up the way of repentance, weakened the foundation of diligence, damped the fervour of believers after holiness, and had a tendency to destroy it root and branch. He likewise very warmly expressed his love for Bible-holiness ; saying it was the delight of his soul to press after it himself, and to enforce it upon others ; and that while he was doing this, the Lord blessed him most in his labours, and shone clearest upon the work He had wrought in his own soul. He signified to me that the Lord had circumcised his heart to love the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength ; and I believe, at that time, he was full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

He was truly meek, and lowly of heart, and little, and mean, and vile in his own eyes. I found my mind amazingly united to him, for the time we were together, like the soul of David and his beloved Jonathan. I loved him much for the mind of Christ I saw in him, and for his zeal for the Lord of Hosts. We parted at Louth ; and I endeavoured, with the fever upon me, to creep

along to Tedford to preach : but it was with much trouble I went through my discourse. That night the fever seized upon me more violently, and never left me for near a month. About a week after, Mr. Wilkinson came to Tedford to see me. We spent about three hours together very profitably. We then both of us prayed, and commended each other to God.

A few days after we parted, he was taken ill of the fever, and could not rest until he came to his wife at Grimsby ; where he lay ill for four or five weeks. He then appeared to be recovering fast, and walked about a little ; but he suddenly relapsed, and was carried off in about a week.

He bore all his afflictions with great patience, frequently lifting up his heart to God, and repeating these words : ' But He knoweth the way that I take : when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. My foot hath held His steps, His way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of His lips ; I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food ' (Job xxiii.). When he perceived that he should die, he exhorted his wife to cast all her care upon the Lord, and encouraged her to believe that His grace was sufficient for her.

He then prayed for her and his two children ; earnestly entreating the Lord to protect them in this troublesome world, and to supply all their wants.

He next prayed fervently for Mr. Wesley, that the presence of the Lord might continue with him

all his days, and crown him at last with eternal glory.

He then remembered his three fellow labourers in the circuit, praying that the Redeemer would assist us in the great work; that He would go forthwith, and bless the labours of all the preachers, and that the kingdom of the Redeemer might spread unto the ends of the earth, and preserve them until they join the church triumphant.

In the night season he had a severe conflict with Satan, and his spirit wrestled with God in prayer. Yea, he was in an agony, as he said afterwards. At last the tempter fled; and he seemed as if he was admitted into heaven, to converse with God, with angels and saints.

He suddenly awaked his wife (who was in the same room), and said, 'Thou hast been sleeping, but I have been in heaven. Oh what has the Lord discovered to me this night! Oh the glory of God! the glory of God and heaven! The celestial city! The New Jerusalem! Oh the lovely beauty! the happiness of paradise! God is all love; He is nothing but love. Oh help me to praise Him! Oh help me to praise Him! I shall praise Him for ever! I shall praise Him for ever!' So Robert Wilkinson departed this life in peace, on Friday, December 8, about eleven o'clock, 1780.

It seemed a great providence that he died on the market-day, when a number of friends out of the country were present, who quickly published, in their little villages, that a funeral sermon would

be preached on Sunday. The house was well filled, and the Lord made it a solemn time. I believe there was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation.

I have often taken notice how the Lord makes the triumphant death of good men a peculiar blessing to His children who are left behind: so it was at this time. The people of God were remarkably blessed in hearing the dying testimony of our dear friend. The worldly people and the backsliders were cut to the heart.

At the conclusion of the sermon I dropped these words: 'Earth has lost, and heaven has gained, a child of God. Let us pray the Lord to add another to the church militant.' We did so; and the Lord answered our prayer, by setting a young man's soul at liberty, so that he went from the solemn place as the shepherds from the heavenly vision, blessing, praising, and glorifying God.

The minister of the parish behaved exceedingly kind: he came to the preaching-house, stayed awhile, and then walked slowly before the corpse, whilst the people sung a hymn of praise. When we arrived at the church, one of our friends asked him if we might sing a hymn of praise. He answered, 'I have no objection: I am against nothing that is good.' So we sung those awful words—

Thee we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

The people sang lustily and with a solemn spirit ; for the divine presence was with us all the way through, and in such a manner as I never knew before at any funeral.

When the minister read these words, ' Not to be sorry as men without hope,' Mrs. Wilkinson, who hung upon my arm with her two little babes, was so overwhelmed with the presence of God that she could not refrain from crying out, ' Sorry, no ! Glory be to God ! glory be to God ! Glory, and praise, and blessing, be ascribed unto God, for ever and ever ! ' Her spirit seemed as if it was ready to launch into the eternal world, to be with Jesus and her happy husband. A remarkable power fell on all that could hear her ; so that the people were melted into tears ; some of sorrow, others of joy.

From this time the work of God began to revive at Grimsby, and the country people catched the fire, and carried it along with them into their little societies.

Robert Wilkinson was, as you have described him, ' an Israelite indeed ; a man of faith and prayer ; who, having been a pattern of all good works, died in the full triumph of faith.' Oh what a blessing to live and die a Christian ! May I also be a follower of those who ' through faith and patience inherit the promises ' ! In my life, and at my death, may I be like him !

JOHN MASON

LETTER TO THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.[1]

MOTCOMB, NEAR SHAFTESBURY,
April 31, 1780.

REV. SIR,

I am a person who has neither ability nor inclination to say much of myself; being desirous to be little and unknown.

Nevertheless, if this short account of the mercy of God to a sinner may be of the least use to any, all the praise shall be given to Him, by whose grace I am what I am: for I always desire to bear in mind that testimony of St. Paul, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief' (1 Tim. i. 15).

I was born in the year of our Lord 1733, in the parish of Hambledon, about eight miles from Portsmouth. When I was about four years old, my father died; and, soon after, my mother. Such was the order of Divine Providence that I had but little knowledge of or help from them; but almighty goodness provided for me.

When my mother died, I was removed to Portsmouth Common, by the care of her own sister, the wife of Mr. Richard Libbard, who had lived there

[1] From the *Arminian Magazine*, 1780, p. 650.

in good credit for many years ; and I was to them as their own child.

I believe my aunt lived in the fear of God, and, according to the light she had, endeavoured to breed me up in a religious manner. I have great reason to be thankful to God on her account. Many of her instructions I remember to this day with much comfort ; and I have not a doubt but that she is now in Abraham's bosom.

Yet, notwithstanding all the care that was taken of me, I gave way to evil, and did many things contrary to the Word of God ; on account of which I remember to have felt many sharp convictions before I was ten years of age. I was often alarmed with the fear of death and judgement. I trembled at the thought of being cast into the fire of hell. At those times I frequently went alone, and prayed that God would have mercy upon me, and save me from my sins. As I grew up I saw more and more into the evil of sin. But although I truly hated sin, I was often overcome by it, which abundantly increased my pain and sorrow.

But it was by hearing a sermon of Mr. Whitefield's, and those of a pious minister whose congregations I now attended, that my convictions deepened. I began to see myself as I never had done before, and to know I was a fallen child of Adam. I felt the burden with deep distress. My sleep departed from me, and I neglected to take my necessary food. I cried to God night and day. I longed for His salvation. But I was afraid Christ did not die for me. When this

persuasion prevailed, it cut me off. I was as one that had no hope. I cannot describe the anguish that tortured my poor soul. Sometimes I wished I had never been born; at other times, that I had been an idiot from my birth. And many times, such was my ignorance and the force of temptation, I complained against God for making me what I was

While I was exercised in this gloomy, dejected manner, I one evening took up the New Testament to read; and I hope never to forget the time or place. As I read, I felt, I cannot tell how, an unusual going out after God and Christ. At once my eye, and all the powers of my soul, were fixed on those words: 'But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man' (Heb. ii. 9). The deep silence that rested on me gave way, and I broke out as in an ecstasy of joy, not regarding who might hear,

For me He lived, and for me He died.

In a moment, all my burden of pain and sorrow fled away, and all my soul was filled with peace and joy. I was all love to God and man. Truly, my delight was in the Almighty; and I began to sing aloud,

O for a thousand tongues to sing.

Happy would it have been for me if I had been careful to grow in the grace of God. But I gave way to a curious spirit, and puzzled myself with

doubtful disputations; and by this means I gradually damped the grace of God, and cast the blessing away I had been entrusted with.

Soon after this, the Methodist preachers came to Portsmouth. I went to hear them, and the word was made profitable to me. I felt new desires, and was often much comforted; and I once more resolved to give up my body and soul a sacrifice to God. I was admitted into the society by Mr. James Oddie. I continued to meet with them for some time; and many were the blessings I thereby received. But after a time a stumbling-block was laid in my way, and I left the society. But it was chiefly owing to my inexperience and want of patience. I ought to have minded one thing, whatever others did, and to have pressed on to the prize of our high calling.

After this I went on for five years in darkness, misery, and distress, yea, many times almost in despair; yet I constantly attended the preaching, and sometimes was permitted to stay at the meeting of the society. But when my much-esteemed friend, Mr. Robert Roberts,[1] came into the circuit, he was informed of me; for I believe both the preachers and people had a regard for me. He gave me a note of admittance again. May I never forget this mercy!

It was not long after, being at a prayer-meeting with a few friends, that I recovered the peace and love of God. My soul was humbled in the dust; I became solidly happy in God my Saviour. I was watchful, and spent much time in prayer;

[1] See vol. iv. of this series.

the Word of God was my daily companion, and it was spirit and life to my soul. My faith was now strengthened; my love to God and man increased abundantly. The Lord held me by my hand, and fed me with the bread of life. He gave me to drink of the water of the river of life, and I was happy all the day long. Such was the blessing I continually enjoyed. I lived near to God, keeping Jesus in view, as my life, my pattern, and my all.

When Mr. Francis Gilbert appointed me to take care of a class, it was a great trial. But so much the more did the Lord make it a blessing to me. For while I prayed for my brethren, and laboured to help them forward in the way to the kingdom, He gave me great consolation in my own soul; and I began to feel a stronger desire for the salvation of poor sinners. I reproved, advised, and comforted, as opportunity served; being, at the same time, particularly careful over my own behaviour. Meantime, by the desire of my friends, I sometimes read a sermon, or some part of the *Christian Library*. I did this first in our own society, and afterwards in that of a neighbouring town. Sometimes also I ventured to give a few words of exhortation; and the people not only bore with my weakness, but urged me to do it more frequently. Some time after, I felt a strong conviction that it was my duty to preach. I did so occasionally; and though it was with much weakness, fear, and trembling, the Lord owned my feeble attempts; the people were profited, and my own soul was helped forward in the grace of God. I advised with the assistant

and the other preachers; and, being encouraged by them, I went on therein, relying upon God, who giveth strength to them that have no might.

But I was not long satisfied with this. I found a stronger and stronger conviction that it was my duty to give myself wholly up to the work of God, and to commence an itinerant preacher. But I shrunk from the thought. I wept, and prayed, and strove against it with all my might, till I had wellnigh lost all the life and peace of God out of my soul. Yet I did not comply; it was so contrary to the plan I had just laid down, having, as I supposed, settled myself for life. It was my desire and design to live and die amongst my first religious acquaintance, and then to lay my bones by the side of my dear and only brother, just torn from me by the hand of death.

But not being able to resist any longer, I laid the matter before Mr. Furz and the other preachers in the circuit. They advised me to fight against God no more, but prepare myself against the next Conference. I did so, and attended at Bristol, in August, 1764. I can truly say I had no other end in view but the glory of God and the good of souls. With regard to this world, I had all I wanted, and to spare. And I had a prospect of easily gaining much more, had I remained in my business, which was steady, and continually increasing. But this I gave up freely; nor have I repented of it one moment since. And if it were to do again, I believe I should do it with the same cheerfulness. For He is worthy of all my service who has bought me with His precious blood.

You, sir, were pleased to appoint me to labour in the York Circuit, with Mr. Furz and Mr. Pool. It was a year of much peace and comfort; and I resolved, in the strength of Christ, to continue spending, and being spent, in the blessed work to my life's end.

It is of little use to say in what parts of England, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, I have laboured; or how many persons have been convinced of sin, or converted to God, or how many have been added to the societies, in the circuits wherein I have laboured.[1] Let it suffice that this, and all I am, will be fully known in that great day. But I believe I may be permitted to mention, in the fear of God, that after sixteen years' labour, I do not know that either my principles or practice have given you, sir, or any of my brethren, cause to repent, for a moment, that you received me as a fellow labourer in the house of God. And in this I am the same at this day as at the first; I still esteem it no small privilege to act with you, as a son in the gospel, to be directed by you where, when, and how to act.

I bless God I still daily enjoy a measure of His peace and love. But I am ashamed when I consider how little improvement I have made. I long to have everything taken from me that is not agreeable to the mind that was in Christ.

For many years I have been fully satisfied with regard to the doctrines of the Methodists; and in them I hope to live and die. But from the time

[1] He formed a class at Trowbridge in 1781. (See Wesley Historical Society *Proceedings*, vol. vi., p. 115.)

that I recovered the favour of God, I have always been averse to disputing. I remember how much I suffered thereby in the beginning of my turning to God. And I believe it would be happy if all the children of God would strive to agree as far as possible, and live in love as brethren, and strive to help each other in fighting the good fight of faith. This is the one desire, and I hope it will be the continual labour of,

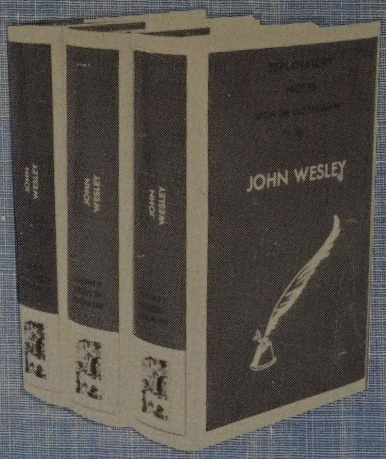
Rev. sir, your dutiful son in the gospel,

JOHN MASON.

His obituary appears in the *Minutes* for 1810: JOHN MASON died in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He continued to labour with great usefulness, approbation, and unblemished character till the year 1797, when, owing to increasing infirmities, he was obliged to desist from a more active life, and confine his labours within a narrower sphere. He settled at West Meon, a village near Portsmouth, from whence he used to visit the neighbouring societies, and supply the lack of the travelling preachers, when called away on necessary business: on these occasions his sermons were remarkably blessed to the people, and particularly those of his latter days. On April 22, 1810, being Easter Sunday, whilst worshipping in West Meon church, he was taken ill, and continued to languish till the Friday following, when his spirit entered into the kingdom of God. A person who was intimately acquainted with him in all the relations in which he stood to society, and to the church

of Christ, speaks of him in the following manner: 'When I say that Mr. Mason was a man, I use the word in its noblest sense. He made it the study of his life to maintain this character by cultivating his mind in every branch of useful knowledge within his reach; and his profiting was great. In the history of the world, and the history of the Church, he was very extensively read. With anatomy and medicine he was well acquainted; and his knowledge of natural history, particularly of botany, was very extensive. In the latter science he was inferior to few in the British empire. His botanical collections would do credit to the first museum in Europe; and especially his collections of English plants, all gathered, preserved, classified, and described by himself. But this was his least praise. He laid all his attainments in natural sciences under contribution to his theological studies; nor could it ever be said that he neglected his duty as a Christian minister, to cultivate his mind in philosophical pursuits. He was a Christian man, and in his life and spirit adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. The decency, propriety, and dignity of his conduct, through the whole of his life, were truly exemplary. And his piety towards God, and his benevolence towards man, were as deep as they were sincere. I am constrained to add, "He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."'

Wesley wrote ten letters to him, which appear in the *Works*, vol. xii., pp. 451–5.

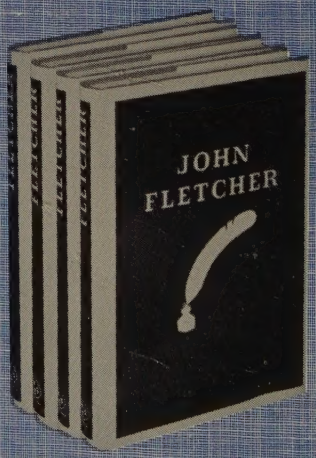


Two hundred and ten (210) years ago John Wesley took his **Explanatory Notes Upon the Old Testament** to the printer. One thousand sets (1,000) were printed. These sets have been collectors items for many years.

Schmul Publishers through the cooperation of Asbury Theological Seminary (they loaned the text), have made this invaluable three volume set available to Wesleyan scholars again.

Three Volumes, 2,600 Pages, Large Print, Hard Back

$49.95



The Works of John Fletcher. First reprint of Fletcher's Works in 130 years. Rare . . . indispensable to an understanding of the great controversy between Calvinism and Wesleyanism. Fletcher's Checks are unrivaled and unanswerable. This set should be in every preacher's library.

Approximately 2,500 Pages, Hard Back

$59.95